What Will the Radicals Eat?

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IT is welcome news, if true, that General Wood intends to resign from the army at an early date. It had apparently been his intention to retain his commission until the choice of the Republican National Convention for President had been made. But this is no time for the American people to buy a pig in a poke. General Wood's record as an administrator in Cuba, and the dominant part he played in organizing our preparedness for participation in the Great War, constitute a definite and substantial basis for his aspiration to the Presidency. His association in the public mind with action at once vigorous and restrained in meeting conditions of internal disturbance is another legitimate factor in his campaign. But the issues of the time are too large, and the influence of the Chief Executive in dealing with them is too overwhelmingly important, to permit mere conjecture as to any candidate's attitude towards them to take the place of knowledge. This does not mean, of course, that a candidate should state exactly what his course would be in regard to each particular problem, or even each problem of the first importance. But some opportunity to take his measure as a statesman, and to judge of the spirit in which he would deal with the main issues that will confront the country, is essential to the formation of an intelligent public estimate of any candidate. Such opportunity General Wood can not furnish so long as he holds a commission in the Army. With that restraint removed, it is to be hoped that he will satisfy every reasonable requirement in this regard.

CONSPIRACY to violate the draft act by urging men to refuse to register, and three other violations of laws enacted for the successful conduct of the war, were the acts charged against the 27 I. W. W. plotters convicted and sentenced the other day at Kansas City. A more shocking example of the evils of the law's delay can hardly be conceived. The penalties imposed upon these men are no doubt the just consequence of their acts; and no one can say how vitally the success of the draft, for instance, may have depended upon the knowledge that such punishment would be imposed. But there is something ghastly about the judgment being pronounced some two years after the commission of the offense, and at a time when the draft itself has almost been forgotten. Thousands of people who would have recognized the action of the law as both just and necessary had it taken place at its natural time are now confused in their minds, and divided in their feelings, when they read the news. Court and jury at Kansas City have doubtless done their simple duty; but their act has been robbed of nine-tenths of its efficacy. What defect is it in our national make-up that prevents us from administering the criminal law with that promptness which is as essential to its proper working as is justice itself?

HARVEY'S WEEKLY makes definite and serious charges of misconduct against Norman Hapgood, our Minister to Denmark. Their truth or falsehood ought to be established beyond doubt, and this at the earliest possible moment. In the meanwhile, without passing any judgment upon them, it is not amiss to note with approval what his predecessor, Mr. Egan, says on the subject of Hapgood's appointment. Minister Egan "can not believe it possible that any diplomatic officer of America" could have acted as Mr. Hapgood is charged with having done; but he states that at the time of the appointment he advised Hapgood not to accept it "for two important reasons": First, because "he was unprepared by experience and training" for diplomatic duties which at this time are of peculiar delicacy, and secondly, because his chief object, of which he made no secret, in accepting the post, was "to make a careful study of Bolshevism, believing that Lenin and Trotsky were grossly misrepresented in this country and that he wanted to correct the prevailing American impression of the Russian radicals." From any point of view, the President's choice was a queer one; in the light of what Mr. Egan says, it appears to have been even more clearly improper than it was on its face.

IT is not likely that many were misled by the charge that the deplorable disorders of last October in Phillips County, Arkansas, were due to an organized negro plot of extermination against the whites. It was abundantly proved, during the period of slavery, that the negro population of the South does not furnish promising soil for deeply laid plotting. In a recent number of the *Nation*, Walter F. White, of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, throws some light on the Phillips County situation, though the facts concerning the

actual outbreak of violence are still uncertain. Mr. White, we think, successfully defends the Phillips County "Progressive Farmers and Household Union" against the charge of being a seditious organization. It was duly chartered under the laws of Arkansas, with the special purpose of securing protection to negro tenant farmers against abuses of the "share-cropping" system, combined with the furnishing of supplies to the tenant on credit, through some designated agent of the landowner. The shameless robbery of tenants under this system, by unscrupulous landlords, has been acknowledged and severely condemned by representative newspapers of the South, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will force the Governor and Legislature of the State to devise some adequate means by which the evil may be controlled.

THERE is nothing epoch-making in Mr. F. H. La Guardia's appointment of a woman to serve as his secretary; the Presidents of the New York Board of Aldermen have had women secretaries before. But the appointment of a woman like Miss Charlotte Delafield, who could be a woman of leisure if she chose to be, but who has instead equipped herself by hard work to be a highly useful public servant, is a good example of the special kind of service which the woman citizen can give. Miss Delafield does not take the office for its modest salary, but she would be either more or less than human if she did not receive it with a sense of deep satisfaction at having herself done a good job, and at having given to the community more than it would otherwise be in a position to buy.

THE struggles of New York City over its projected new courthouse make a long and depressing story, but the latest turn in it involves a matter of principle that may be said to be of national interest. Upon the plea that further delay would be intolerable, it has been contrived—or at least it is sought to be contrived—that the Art Commission of New York shall have no opportunity to pass upon the plan recently selected. Not only in New York, but in our cities generally, the power of the Art Commission to veto undesirable architectural or decorative projects has in the last twenty years been of inestimable value. In the present instance, there seems to be no reason to suppose that the Commission would object to the plan, or that its examination of it would cause any appreciable delay. If the plan is unobjectionable, as there is every reason to suppose it to be, the Commission would doubtless promptly make a favorable report; if it is objectionable, the public ought to have a chance to be informed of this by the body which has so often stood its protector against both errors and waste. The new courthouse is the greatest architectural project that the city has undertaken in many years, and the violation of principle involved in this case would be of seriously bad effect for the future, both in New York and elsewhere.

"EVERY thoughtful man must admit that wealth is power, and that therefore liberty and such an inequality in the distribution of wealth as now exists can not permanently endure together." These words, with their air of logical inevitability, emanate from the Committee of 48, which recently met in St. Louis to lay the foundations of a new political party. The statement assumes the major premise that inequality of power in the individuals of whom the state is composed is *per se* destructive of liberty. But education is also power, and with equal logical validity might be substituted for wealth in the statement above quoted. If the Committee of 48 should accept the formula thus altered as equally true, and not damaging to its argument, we may go a step further back and substitute inborn intelligence, which is surely power of a very high degree, and no less unequally distributed than wealth, in society as it now exists. Now as inequality of intelligence, with the vast inequality of power which it entails, comes by birth itself, in accordance with biological laws which the Committee of 48 and its new political party are hardly competent to alter or repeal, we are driven by the Committee's peremptory logical formula to the somewhat dismal conclusion that our aspirations for liberty are merely an idle dream, inherently impossible of realization. But when we shake off the spell of the Committee's logic, we are confronted with the historical fact that such measure of human liberty as mankind has at any time and place enjoyed from the beginning of history to the present date has always coexisted with striking inequalities, not only of the power of wealth, but of many other kinds of power. That is to say, the suppressed major premise on which the Committee's conclusion rests has never been true of the growth of liberty in the past, and no proof has been adduced that it will be true in the development of liberty in the future.

IT is true, of course, that the "liberty" which we ordinarily have in mind in political discussions assumes equality of power in certain respects, as for instance in the power to participate in the government under which one lives, and to secure the equal protection of its laws. But when it comes to those kinds of power which spring from inborn qualities, and are increased by education and self-control, the existence of liberty does not demand the suppression of inequality. On the contrary, in many phases of life liberty tends to the development of inequality and is itself distinctly the gainer thereby. As for inequality of wealth, the ability to acquire and the disposition to save are and must always be vastly unequal, the one from qualities inborn, the other from traits of character developed as life goes on. With these natural or unavoidably acquired inequalities at the foundation, equality in results could come only by such an arbitrary control from without as would be wholly inconsistent with any true conception of personal liberty. Of course, the power of wealth can be abused, but the assumption of the Committee of 48 that it has been so abused as to make what are known as the laboring classes progressively poorer, and to threaten the extinction of liberty, is no less careless of fact than of logic. The dangers which threaten liberty are not to be found in the free development of the differing natural powers and aptitudes of the individual in legitimate fields of endeavor. The weakness of the position of the Committee of 48 lies in its attack upon inequality of wealth as an evil in itself, and not merely in its abuse. We may all hope and work for a material improvement in the pecuniary condition of the man who toils; but we shall make no advance in that direction by yielding to the idea that the accumulation of fortunes by able leaders in commerce and industry is incompatible with this improvement.

THERE has been much moralizing in the newspapers over the relative showing of public-school boys and private-school boys at college, as stated in statistics summarized and commented on in the current issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. It appears that of the public-school boys, 2.5 per cent. obtained their degree at Harvard *summa cum laude*, as against only 0.5 per cent. of the boys from private schools; and that likewise the percentages in the *magna cum laude* class were 11.8 and 4.3, respectively. But the conclusion drawn from these figures, that the public-school training was better than that of the private schools, turns on one of the most familiar of statistical fallacies. Nearly all of the boys who go to the great private schools are sent to college, while among the public-school boys there is a sharp selection on the score not only of native ability, but also of inclination to study. In the one case we are dealing with substantially all the boys of certain families or of certain social classes, in the other case we have to do largely with a picked lot. Moreover, few of the public-school boys are sent to college simply to have a good time, or even desirable cultural surroundings; they are sent because they

are anxious to accomplish something serious and because they have shown the ability to do it. The public-school training may, indeed, be better, either in promoting habits of study, or in its direct intellectual discipline, or both, than the private schools, but the figures cited are entirely inconclusive on the subject. They show that if you take at random a public-school boy who is sent to college and a private-school boy who is sent to college, the chances are that you will pick a better scholar if you choose the former. But they don't show at all that if you send a given boy to public school he is more likely to prove a good scholar at college than if you had sent him to private school.

BUT the fact that college men who hail from public schools do better, on the whole, than those who hail from private schools, does have a moral, and an important one. The moral is not that your boy will do better at college if you send him to public school. Your boy has a certain given endowment of intelligence. Placing him in the category of public-school-boys-who-go-to-college will not increase that endowment, and the figures above referred to leave the question of educational advantage open. The moral is rather that if you are looking for a boy (or girl) to send to college (whether you are an individual, an association, or the state), you will do well to look for him in the public schools. Not all, not more than a very small proportion, of the exceptional public-school boys and girls are able to go to college; there are others among them, just as capable of earning their *summa cum laude* and of winning distinction in after life, who long for a college education, and would be incalculably helped by it, but can not get it. Few tasks would be more rewarding than that of discovering such students, already highly endowed by nature, at an early age, and providing them with the sort of education that any rich man's child obtains as a matter of course.

AT the solemn stroke of twelve in the Christmas night, according to a widespread superstition of mediæval Europe, all running water turned into precious wine. For a human being to drink of it would have been certain death. An inquisitive woman of Lower Brittany went, at that miraculous hour, to the well for water, and heard a voice that said:

> Toute l'eau se tourne en vin
> Et tu es proche de ta fin.

Every age has its own superstitions. Ours believes in a mystic connection of wine with the Anti-Christ, and works its own miracle by turning it all into water. But the poetic belief is lost that to drink of the miraculous liquid would desecrate the Christmas Feast.

The Deportation

THE law forbidding immigration of anarchists into this country, and providing for the deportation of such as may have entered in spite of it, was not enacted yesterday. It was not the product of hysterical fear, nor the outcome of the disturbed conditions brought on by the Great War. It has been on the statute books a score of years and more. Some thought its enactment unwise, or futile; but there was never the slightest ground for questioning the principle upon which it is justified. Every country has a right to state upon what terms it will admit outsiders to its borders, and what classes of immigrants it thinks fit to exclude.

All true Americans must feel an instinctive reluctance to depart in any instance from their country's tradition as a refuge for the oppressed and a land of opportunity for the unfortunate. But fine as is the spirit of that catholic hospitality which we so long exercised, it can not be invoked to set aside the obligations of a higher duty. The first duty of America is to preserve its own character. If that be really threatened by a flood of alien immigration, such as the crowded hundreds of millions of China made possible, it is not only our right but our duty to take such measures as are necessary to prevent it. If it be threatened by destructive agitation at the hands of alien revolutionists, it is our right and our duty to prevent that.

The deportation of 249 Russian revolutionaries last Sunday marked not the beginning of a period of frantic persecution, but the end of a period of long-suffering and good-natured patience. Anarchist plotters, most of them aliens, have been with us for several decades. During nearly all of this time we have wisely refrained from putting the law into vigorous operation against them. The time has at last come when every sensible person must understand that if we mean anything at all by the law, we must put it into action. It is a cheap and easy thing to say, as the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant is quoted as saying, that "to send three hundred or three million men away and try to stop the growth of ideas is not going to be successful." If anybody expects to stop the growth of anarchistic or socialistic ideas by deporting their alien advocates he is unquestionably doomed to disappointment. It is not the growth of ideas, but the specific activities of one class of agitators that is aimed at in the laws against alien revolutionists.

Whatever causes there may be within our own country that tend to breed discontent or revolution would continue to operate though every alien in the Union were deported. But it is no accident that so large a part of the worst and most violent forms which revolutionary discontent has taken in this country has been identified with the activities of alien agitators. It is absurd to ignore the fact that we have among us millions of ignorant, though for the most part well-intentioned immigrants, whose presence in our body politic can be regarded with complacency only upon condition that we may expect them gradually to grow into a realization of the essentials of our institutions. And this condition can not be fulfilled if their defenceless minds are subjected to the onslaughts of agitators whose only relation to our institutions is that of venomous hostility. By deporting a few hundred of them we not only get rid of these individuals, but give effective notice to thousands of others that this alien warfare against America can no longer be conducted under the protection of American law and with the advantages of American well-being.

It is doubtless the opinion of many that even for this immediate purpose the enactment and execution of proscriptive laws is bound to be a failure. No thoughtful person can fail to recognize that the cry of persecution, whether well-grounded or not, is a powerful factor on the other side. But the easy-going assumption that every act of suppression, however just, is sure to help more than to hurt the cause against which it is directed has no basis either in reason or in experience. A most impressive instance to the contrary is to be found in the history of the Chicago anarchists of thirty years ago. For years there had been going on in that city, and perfectly known to everybody, an organized anarchist agitation. A newspaper was regularly published in its interest. Its adherents held regular meetings for purposes of systematic training. It was a wise policy that permitted all this to go on without serious check until it culminated in the bomb-throwing massacre of policemen at the Haymarket. Then, after due trial, and after an appeal most carefully considered by the Supreme Court of Illinois, four of the leaders were hanged and several others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Did this fan the flame of anarchism in Chicago? Did ten anarchists spring up where one had been before? On the contrary, year after year, and decade after decade, one heard nothing more of Chicago anarchism except a pretty pilgrimage made every year —and quite undisturbed by the police— to put flowers on the graves of the four men who had forfeited their lives to the stern requirements of the law.

It is worth while to pause for a moment and think, not so much of the criminality as of the unspeakable insolence and effrontery of these foreign reformers of America. They came over not when Russia had undertaken to light mankind to the new heaven of Bol-

shevism, but years ago when their country was in the black night of Tsarist tyranny. Were we not so accustomed to the phenomenon, we should feel that for them to come here not to learn but to teach, not to help but to destroy, was a thing which only the inhabitants of Bedlam could look upon as normal or permissible. In their own minds, they may be idealists of the purest water; and so is many a poor inmate of the insane asylum. They are not insane, however, except as any man is insane who does not recognize the limitations which decency or modesty places upon his acts as a member of the society which entertains him. Our country falls short, to be sure, of its own ideals; and in many points it falls short of standards that other countries have attained. But these very people chose it because on the whole it is the best that mankind has thus far found itself able to beget; and it has been the very fount and origin of the liberal ideas that have gradually been overspreading the world, and the absence of which from their own country was the source of their revolt. It is a mawkish sentimentality that admires the morbid idealism of these creatures' thought and is blind to the naked indecency of their conduct.

Japan Reconsiders

THE cabled report of the statement of Lloyd George in Parliament last Thursday on certain features of Allied policy arrived at in the recent conference in London, is tantalizing in its brevity and paraphrasing. It is a pity that his reply to Sir Donald Maclean's question was not transmitted verbatim, for it is not always safe to draw conclusions from the remarks of the elusive Welshman when filtered through a reporter; this is a task of sufficient difficulty when you have his own words. Two points, however, stand forth with some clearness; both are reassuring, and one is provocative of considerable curiosity.

In the first place, while reiterating that he had passed to a policy of non-interference in Russia, he apparently set at rest the fears, and disposed of the persistent rumors, that he was inclined to grant recognition to the Soviet Government. It was easy for him to say: "If the Bolsheviki want to speak for Russia, they can do so by summoning a National Assembly, freely elected," for he knew that this was the last thing they would agree to do. But even at that he was begging the whole question, because he is perfectly aware that such an elected assembly under present conditions would be a fantastic absurdity. There is reason to believe that powerful and unscrupulous financial interests have brought strong pressure to bear upon him to secure the recognition of the Soviet Government in order that they might take advantage of Lenin's proffered concessions. And there is no doubt that there lurks in his mind the idea that it is to England's interest that the future Russia be hobbled.

His second point gives rise to interesting conjectures. What did he mean by saying that discussions were proceeding between the United States and Japan concerning future action should the Bolshevist advance reach to any considerable degree eastward? Certainly our own Government has given us no indication that any such negotiations were taking place, and we have been under the general impression that our immediate policy was that of nagging at Japan because of her unwillingness to include Manchuria and Inner Mongolia within the field covered by the Consortium, and that further we were far from being in agreement with her with reference to the question of the Siberian Railway and the functions of our respective military forces in Eastern Siberia.

In view of the decided change in Japanese policy towards Siberia during the past few months, the statement of Lloyd George is definitely reassuring. It is not too much to say that this change makes possible a degree of coöperation with Japan that has hitherto seemed out of the question, and may perhaps be the basis of a relationship that shall set at rest once and for all the misunderstandings and jealousies that might have threatened a future war in the Orient.

When the Bolsheviks first occupied Siberia, Japan was slow to realize the wider significance of the Bolshevik movement. Rather did this occupation and the overturn of the Bolsheviks which followed the Czechoslovak struggle present themselves to the imperialistic group in Japan as opportunities for an actual domination of Siberia. Diplomatically they expressed themselves as ready to undertake the restoration of order by military force, provided they were properly compensated by special rights and concessions. Their policy was directed toward keeping Siberia in political turmoil and preventing the establishment of a strong and unified Russian Government. The object seemed to be the acquisition of economic domination during a period of weakness.

Within the past few months, however, Japanese policy has undergone a complete change. The reasons are twofold. First, Japan has come to fear the menace of the spread of Bolshevism to China, and secondly, her statesmen now realize that the conquest of the good will of the Russians by economic reconstruction along lines mutually beneficial and profitable is a far better guaranty of Japan's future welfare than any forcible domination could be.

The danger of Bolshevism is very real. Japan knows the susceptibility of the millions of China to movements of that sort, and she has also experienced among her own people disquieting developments, for Bolshevik propagandists have been extremely active all over the Orient.

Her analysis of the present situation from a politico-economic standpoint is highly illuminating. Japan sees before her the possibility of a conflict with America. She analyzes the situation cold-bloodedly. America raised an enormous army for the World War. Japan observes with alarm the increase of our Pacific fleet and the construction of a great naval base in Hawaii. Taking stock of her own position, she notes that her lack of coal and iron places her at the mercy of the United States, and that an embargo on steel, without any declaration of war on our part, would quickly bring her to her knees. To extricate herself from this situation she must secure raw materials from the Asiatic mainland. The best way to do this is in coöperation and alliance with the future Russia, and not by violence or compulsion.

It is the lesson of the Twenty-one Points over again. More flies are caught by molasses than by vinegar. Therefore, instead of alienating the Russians and by arrogant and arbitrary conduct making of them a potential enemy, the Japanese now see that by undertaking economic enterprise in Siberia in such a way that the Russians themselves shall participate and appear to take the lead, they can secure all the material benefits and at the same time lay the basis of strong national friendship. It is perhaps true that in making this change of policy they are but following the German plans for the penetration of European Russia, but it is a wise change and there is nothing to hinder American coöperation and the allaying of irritation between the two countries.

It may very well be a fact that Japan is now ready to send large additional forces into Siberia to prevent the Reds from penetrating east of Baikal, but it seems equally certain that if this is done, it will not be with the idea of acquiring Siberian territory or imposing economic domination by force. Rather will every effort be made to conciliate the Russians and assist them in the reconstruction of their own industrial life through silent Japanese participation.

It would be well if, on our part, we should realize the significance of this striking change of Japanese policy and take the necessary steps towards coöperation. In this way we can quickly put an end to the bickerings in Siberia itself and reassure Japan as to our own intentions. The path seems open to the kind of economic coöperation that is the best antidote to dangerous political suspicion and irritation.

Rhode Island's Protest

THERE may be reasons which the Supreme Court will regard as valid grounds for declaring that the Eighteenth Amendment has not been duly adopted and made part of the Constitution of the United States. There are questions of procedure—in particular the question of what constitutes the vote of "two-thirds of both houses" of Congress, and the question of ratification by the Legislature when a State Constitution requires the approval of such ratification by popular vote—upon which the Supreme Court may possibly decide adversely to the amendment. But it is safe to say that the amendment will not be pronounced invalid on the ground that it is in its nature beyond the scope of Article V of the Constitution.

Apart from a limitation that expired in 1808, there is no restriction upon the power of amendment by the process laid down in Article V, except that which declares that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Reference has been made to the Tenth Amendment, which declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"; but this is of no avail as against an amendment of the Constitution adopted in accordance with the prescribed procedure. Such an amendment, it is declared in Article V, "shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution"; if the Tenth Amendment had been designed to prevent any future delegation of power to the United States, it would have so declared in plain terms. "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution" means powers not delegated by the Constitution, either as originally made or as subsequently amended; such a power was granted, for instance, in the Sixteenth Amendment, authorizing a Federal income tax. Nor is there any weight in arguments based on the general notion of a "republican form of government"; for a judicial body to declare the prohibition amendment void because it is destructive of a republican form of government would be an assumption of authority too fantastic to be seriously considered.

Nevertheless, Rhode Island's manful protest against the fundamental wrong which the Eighteenth Amendment has done to our institutions should be of profound interest to every American. Little Rhody puts her bigger sisters to the blush. She declares, in her brief to the Supreme Court, that the people of Rhode Island have always enjoyed "full powers of self-government in all matters relating to the internal affairs of said State," and asserts that her police power in that domain can not be "bargained away, surrendered, yielded, or transferred effectually to bind the people of said State and their posterity, if at all, without an 'explicit and authentic act of the whole' people of said State." Whatever the legal validity of this plea, the fact to which it refers is stated none too strongly. What the Legislature of State after State has blithely done—has done with less real deliberation than is usually expended upon a paltry bit of everyday legislation—has precisely the character that Rhode Island declares. They have "bargained away and surrendered" fundamental State powers, which, until a few years ago, nobody thought of questioning; and they have done it in such a way as "to bind the people of the State and their posterity," beyond the possibility of future reclamation by any action within their power.

Not since the formation of the Union has so gross an injury been done to the character of American institutions. For the injury has been threefold. It has struck a blow at the very life of the idea of State autonomy in State affairs, and has made easy the path of every agitation that may arise in the future for the concentration at Washington of power over any matter of local concern which the itch for regulation may seize upon as its next victim. It has swept away whatever was left of authority in the idea of the liberty of the individual to lead his own life in his own way, subject to respect for the right of others to do likewise. And last but not least, it has immeasurably lowered the standing of the Constitution of the United States by imbedding into its substance a mere police regulation, and entrenching it behind those safeguards which were designed for the preservation of the nation and the protection of the essentials of liberty.

If Rhode Island's protest should help to awaken the nation to a sense of what the prohibition amendment means, it will not have been made in vain, even if it accomplishes no juristic result. And the same thing is true of the great popular vote recorded against the Eighteenth Amendment in Ohio. It is not many years since it was regarded as a truism by most Americans that prohibition, if justified at all, was justified only in case it had behind it an overwhelming sentiment in the community immediately affected. The spectacle of a rural majority imposing its will upon great urban communities, even within the limits of a given State, offended our instincts as freemen. It is good to see, in such a State as Ohio, a full half of all the voters condemning the iron rule that has been laid upon them and their children's children by the Eighteenth Amendment. Additional point is given to this result by a circumstance which was made much of by the prohibitionists when the early returns indicated a big victory for them. It was claimed that the Ohio result was more significant than the "wet" victory in New Jersey, because Ohio had found out by experience what the "dry" régime was like; now the tables are turned on those who made that claim. And numerous town elections in New England, giving "wet" majorities, tell the same story.

It is certain that the people opposed to prohibition in many of our States are either a majority, or a minority falling little short of a majority. Yet upon millions of people there has been forced a regulation of their daily life which it is beyond the power of any majority in a single State, or of the combined majorities of thirty-five out of our forty-eight States, to abolish or relax. To fasten this kind of bond on the American people, and enforce it by the constant exertion of Federal power, can not fail to have a debilitating effect upon the political character of the American people. But if it can not be thrown off, it is at least something that it should be resented. The State of Rhode Island, the people of Ohio, and the anti-prohibition voters in the New England town-elections have done an important service in at least showing the country that the Eighteenth Amendment is not being accepted without serious protest.

Winter's for Books

"A candle by the ingle-nook,
The swaying shadow faintly double;
With fire, glass, and pipe, and book,
Heigh ho to care and trouble!"

WINTER'S for books. Not a doubt of it. The garden is bleak, with no more wish to be looked at than a lady in curl papers. The sea can manage but a wan smile at best. A brook running black between shores of jagged ice may set off the brightness of a brief walk at noonday. More venturesome, "all shod with steel," one may, like Wordsworth, in early evening "cut across the reflex of a star." Of a morning the motor turns over reluctantly, stiff in the joints, poor thing, as its owner will be too, if he insists on sharing the rutted road with a busy wind. The best of life is within doors. A clear fire. And a book.

A pretty picture, is it not? made up—who said it?—very largely of what in these days we briefly dismiss as "bunk." There is nothing in the glass. The fire is a purring and spitting monstrosity of gilt. No one would think of reading by candle-light. A pear of light, energized by God knows how many volts or watts or horsepower, blazes under the "art" shade at elbow. And there, perhaps, lies the trouble. Light. When man took Divinity at his word and turned on the electric switch, what a change was there! Copernicus when he shifted our celestial centre of motion from earth

to sun did no more. Seated betwixt the crossing shadows of hickory fire and of tallow dip, man was the centre of the universe. Encircling night soothed and sustained. And by magic virtue of the volume on his knee, into what a world he stepped—he, the all-seeing, watcher alike of beginning and of end, confidant of the great and the small, of the evil and of the good! But in a world whose night is riven a thousand ways by electric light, how shut out this world that we may gain another? Like Strassburg geese we must be up and feeding. Like moths we must be giddily dancing. With so much light abroad there must be something to see. Let us go out at once lest we miss it.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold," sang Keats, when he had never journeyed beyond the suburbs of London. Is it because they lie so adjacent to us that we do not visit them oftener? Is it because entrance is so easy that it does not seem worth the trouble? Happening to live next door to some splendid monument that all the world comes to see, do we put off a glance at it to a time that never comes? Does it ask a little courage, the plunge? Most certainly everything else asks courage, and is there anything that gives so much in return? Enter where you will; there are a thousand gates. Be sure that in the time given to the reading of a book many times its price would otherwise have gone to the purchase of far less valuable merchandise.

"Books delight us, when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us. They lend validity to human compacts, and no serious judgments are propounded without their help. Arts and sciences, all the advantages of which no mind can enumerate, consist in books. How highly must we estimate the wondrous power of books, since through them we survey the utmost bounds of the world and of time, and contemplate the things that are as well as those that are not, as in the mirror of eternity." It is almost six hundred years since the good Bishop and Chancellor, Richard of Bury, penned those words, and the world's point of view may have shifted a little. A book was hard to come at in those days; perhaps the more cherished for that very reason. We are less satisfied than he that everything worth knowing is to be found in books. There is much virtue, we are sure, in doing. And we are not sure that the books are always right.

For all that, books are still the most comfortable of teachers. "Consider," says Richard again in his "Love of Books," "what pleasantness of teaching there is in books, how easy, how secret! How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame! They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without gifts of clothes or money. If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and enquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh if you are ignorant." Where else, indeed, can experience be bought at a rate less dear? Where else find such convenient summations and epitomes of experience which, for the best of us, is inevitably something scattered and not a little perplexed?

It is said that there have been in the world only three really interesting events, the Trojan War, the French Revolution—and these days of ours. And for an understanding of the last we are as dependent on books as in the case of the other two. Gradually, through the reading of many books we shall come to know something of the war through which we have passed. Gradually we shall grow able to reckon with the tremendous forces that are seeking equilibrium. In the novelists and the poets we can see prophetically the form and pressure which this age of ours will present to our descendants. Do not scorn these last without at least reading them; do not neglect them without being sure of the way to something that seems better; and do not at the other extreme leave the dead past—perhaps more surely alive than the present—to bury its books unread in libraries.

"In books," says Richard yet again, "I find the dead as if they were alive . . . All things are corrupted and decay in time . . . all the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion unless God had provided mortals with the remedy of books." Not only the dead as if they were alive—Troy unburned, Rome unfallen, the song of the troubadour unstilled, the walls of the Globe Theatre yet echoing to Shakespeare's words, Dr. Johnson still talking immortally, all the poets still singing as if they never would grow old—not only this, but those who have never died, the friends whom we made years ago in the happy intimacy of long winter evenings, are still there waiting for us. *We* may grow old, but not they. Our friends in the flesh may disappoint us or leave us; nothing in the shifting world may present to us the familiar face of old. But the people with whom we have lived through the pages of a book are unchanging and immortal. "Now," said Balzac, returning from a crowded company to the solitude of his own library, "now for some real people." And it can not be said that Balzac did not know the world. Viewed, then, either as a refuge from the present or as a means of conquering it, as a refreshment or as a weapon, books are the one thing in these spare days that we can not go without. And winter's for books.

Kautsky's Exposure

KARL MARX taught that the course of history is not decided by individual persons and institutions, but in the last instance by economic forces. Capitalism creates everywhere imperialism, the desire for violent expansion of territory. In capitalism, therefore, the Socialists see the cause of the War. It is this doctrinaire way of judging the history of the last five years which has made international Socialism seem in league with the imperialism of Germany. Public opinion, both in neutral and Entente countries, found instinctively the truth to which the Socialists were blinded by their theories. It knew that the War had been made in Germany, and held the ex-Kaiser and his counsellors responsible for it. And now that the criminals are beaten, the chief exponent of Marxism in Germany, the historian Karl Kautsky, has come forward with an indictment of them more crushing than any enemy or neutral could produce, as neither hatred nor moral indignation, but the cool reasoning of a disbeliever in individual responsibility for the world's destinies, has dictated the verdict. "A Marxist," says Kautsky, "who would argue that imperialism would in any case have led to war, whatever Germany's policy might have been, acts like a man taking the part of little rascals who have played at throwing burning matches into a barrel of powder. But the Berlin boys knew that the powder was there; they had, in fact, deposited the bulk of it themselves."

Extracts from Kautsky's book have appeared in the papers, but it is only from a perusal of the whole work, both the documents and the commentary, that one gains the full impression of its terrible importance. For the first time, irrefutable evidence is produced of the ex-Kaiser's full complicity with his criminal advisers. The book disposes for good of the legend, faithfully spread by loyal subjects of the War Lord since fate and the world began to turn against him, that his ministers had confided in him only in so far as it might serve their own aggressive ends. Prince Lichnowsky's famous memorandum was, until recently, the only authority for the story of Von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador at Vienna, having received a reprimand for reporting that he had advised the Government in Vienna to adopt greater moderation towards Serbia. Kautsky produces the report in question, together with the marginal notes of Von Tschirschky's Imperial master, the contents of which bear out Lichnowsky's almost incredible statement.

"I often hear the desire expressed, even by serious people," the Ambassador wrote, "that the Serbians might be scored off once for all (*Now or never!* is

the Emperor's comment). First, they say, we must confront them with a series of demands, and when they refuse to comply with these, we must proceed by forcible means. On all such occasions I take care quietly, but emphatically and earnestly, to warn against precipitation." (*Who has given him authority for that?* is the comment. *That is very stupid! It is no concern of his at all, as it is exclusively for Austria to decide what is to be done. It will be said afterwards, if matters go wrong, that Germany backed out. Tschirschky must please stop this nonsense! With the Serbians accounts must be settled, and the sooner the better.*) This document, with the notes in the margin, was returned to the Foreign Office on July 4, nineteen days before the Austrian ultimatum was delivered at Belgrade. The Kaiser's comments on the subsequent development of affairs as described in the reports of the Ambassador in Vienna, show him impatient of delay. Not until July 14 could Tschirschky report that the Hungarian Government had given its full approval to the criminal scheme.

On July 23, the fatal note was delivered at Belgrade by the Austrian Minister. In a telegram to Vienna he referred to it as an "ultimatum," but an immediate reprimand was the reply to this tactless designation, the note, it was explained to him, being only "a time-limited step" (*eine befristete Démarche*), as its refusal would not instantly be answered with a declaration of war, but only with the breaking off of the diplomatic relations. The German Government has always professed not to have known the contents of this notorious document until it was officially brought to the knowledge of all the Powers. Even if this denial of complicity be taken to refer to the verbal text only, and not to its general tenor as agreed upon in Berlin on July 6, it is proved to be a falsehood by the evidence that Kautsky produces from the archives. A copy of the note, despatched by Von Tschirschky, was received at the Foreign Office in Berlin in the afternoon of July 22, two full days earlier than it was made known to the other Powers, and certainly a sufficient time before the handing of the original at Belgrade for the German Government to have prevented that decisive step if such had been the wish of the statesmen at Berlin. Serbia's unexpected compliance with the exorbitant conditions of the *befristete Démarche* made it extremely difficult for Germany to play the double part of seeming, in the eyes of the world, honestly solicitous to preserve peace and of secretly backing up Austria in getting her war with Serbia. The British proposals for mediation could not flatly be declined, "as that would make us stand condemned before the whole world as responsible for the conflagration, and as the real instigators of the War. This would also make our own position in the country impossible, which must be brought to believe that we were forced into the War." Thus wrote Von Bethmann-Hollweg in a despatch to Von Tschirschky of July 27.

The Emperor's marginal comments of the last days of July do not betray the slightest hesitancy or agitation at the certain approach of the great war. Sir Edward Grey's prediction, quoted by Prince Lichnowsky, that "the war would bring in its train revolutionary movements as in 1848 in consequence of languishing commerce" is waived by the imperial amateur-statesman with an incredulous exclamation mark. Sir Edward's offer to insist, jointly with Germany, on an extension by Austria of the time limit for Serbia's reply is discarded with a peremptory *needless*. The possibility hinted at by Grey that Austria might bleed to death as a consequence of a protracted war is made light of with a sneering *nonsense!* The greater is his disappointment and his rage when, four days later, on July 29, he receives Sir Edward's warning, passed on by Lichnowsky, that England, though willing to act as a mediator between Austria, Serbia, and Russia, would not engage to maintain her neutrality in the event of a war between Germany and France. In a spasm of fury he fills the margin with vituperative language against *the mean cheat* (meaning Sir Edward Grey), whose policy is so *thoroughly vile and mephistophelian, but typically English.* But if Germany, through England's treachery, is to bleed to death, she shall be revenged by causing England to lose British India! *Our consuls in Turkey and India, our agents, etc., must rouse the entire Mohammedan world into a wild revolt against this hated, lying, unscrupulous race of grocers.* He is resigned to the prospect of his country bleeding to death if only England be hurled with it into the maelstrom!

On the Chancellor and the Foreign Office, on the other hand, the British outspokenness had a sobering effect. From July 29 on, Berlin honestly worked to avoid the war which, without Italy's aid and with Great Britain as an opponent, was bound to lead to Germany's destruction. But this belated action for peace was thwarted by Austria's refusal to enter into negotiations with Russia and the insistence of the German General Staff on the necessity of striking the first blow. Since the German diplomats had brought the country to the verge of war, it had become the duty of the military authorities to carry it through the war as quickly and at as little cost as possible. And this immediate preparedness required mobilization, which, according to the conception of the General Staff, meant war. Von Bethmann had lost control over the spirits which he himself had called up. The military leaders assumed command, and the Chancellor became the obedient executant of their orders. They began the war against Russia and France and left it to Bethmann to make the world believe that those countries were the aggressors. In a memorandum of August 5, Von Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, prescribes to the Chancellor the policy that must be followed: Revolts must be stirred up among the Poles against Russia, in Egypt and India against the British, in Morocco and Algiers against the French. Influential German-Americans must manipulate the American press in Germany's favor. "Perhaps the United States can be persuaded to undertake an action at sea against England, for which Canada will be its reward." When the United States can not be won over to the German side, Mexico is approached and offered some of the States of the Union as a bait. At the same time the General Staff makes a bid for the aid of the insurgents in Ireland, the anarchists in Italy, the dynamiters in America, and, ultimately, of the Bolsheviki in Russia. "Lenin and Trotsky," writes Kautsky, "were not the first, as one sees, to try to rescue their cause from an impossible situation by letting their emissaries stir up a world-revolution. But it is a superstition—which many advocates of the world-revolution share with the shortsighted German politicians—that revolutions can be called forth *ad libitum* by skillful, active and well-moneyed agents."

Kautsky has done a good work in the publication of these documents and his clear and searching commentary. The world, and the German nation first of all, owes him a debt of gratitude for his unsparing revelation of the truth. The book may bring a change in the long-stagnant question of the ex-Kaiser's trial. It exposes him as a reckless criminal bent on war, the chief conspirator against the peace of the world. Does not this discovery of his real character make it incumbent on Germany herself to bring him to trial for the crime which brought this endless woe upon the nation?

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Editors
FABIAN FRANKLIN
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What Will the Radicals Eat?

I AM wondering how the American Bolshevists, red and pink, are planning to handle the food problem. I hold no brief for the present social order. Society argues its own briefs without regard to you and me. But I am struck with certain inconveniences in the evening-up process as revealed by Europe's experience in feeding herself after the war. There too they have tried to destroy human institutions, and the net result so far discernible is that several millions of the best people are dead and the rest are very irregular at their meals.

However much the army of the Left may differ from other armies, it must be like them in this, that it, too, marches on its stomach. Was not one of the first steps of the Soviets in Russia and the Hungary House in Budapest to increase the ration of the faithful? New York, in which swarm radicals of all shades, finds its machinery severely tested to keep itself fed. What are the Bolshevists of the Boulevards planning to do when for the present severely tried order they have substituted one of their own? This matter of food supply is not without its perplexities when you and I and our brothers insist upon living in a large city far away from where the green things grow. The capitalistic order has arranged a machinery whereby food comes to all with some regularity. Week in and week out New York eats its 10,000 tons of grain, its 8,000 tons of meat, its 40,000 tons, more or less, of other foodstuffs. There is nothing to indicate that New York will eat less under the coming dispensation. Certainly then as now there will be needed the thousands of cars, the miles of multiple tracks to transport the foodstuffs, and the complicated financial structure of banking, to carry New York's hundred-million-dollar-a-week kitchen bill. For my part I do not care so much that capitalism shall do this as that it shall continue to be done.

There are only two ways of keeping up your food supply. If you are a true individualist with no capitalistic taint, you can raise it yourself with a sharp stick. But if you live with your fellows you are very likely to use some of society's machinery in a rudimentary or developed form. If you live in New York, or some other large city, the form is likely to be very intricate indeed and to depend very much upon accumulated capital. It may be handled by a magnified form of communism if a commune can learn the technique; but the principle will be capitalism just the same. Capital will be required to transport your food, to store it, and to pay the farmer for it upon delivery some months before you pay for it at your grocer's.

I have no record of any member of any of the more radical groups raising his food for himself. Believers in "direct action" with regard to man's accumulated stocks and organized institutions, they take no direct action with respect to nature. Assuming some credit for courage in calling a spade a spade, they do not often use one. Much as he attacks capital, your radical reformer is always found where capital is. He takes his place in the great city or at a mine. He does not appear on the farms. It is a mistake to say that the Bolshevists took Russia and Hungary. The Bolshevists took Petrograd and Budapest, and held them just as long as the country behind could or would provide food. Your American Bolshevist lives in New York, Chicago, or some other large city. He is as likely as not to belong to the leisure classes, whose income was long ago guaranteed, or to be an artist or a poet to whom "society owes a living."

In order that you and I, as city dwellers, shall be fed, two things are necessary. First, an internal economic machinery of distribution; second, a system of values so that the producer may be immediately compensated for his work and encouraged to continue it. What the attitude of our Bolshevist is toward the capital which stands at the basis of banking, transportation, and storage, we know. It is to enjoy the fruits of capital and organization and to strike at their roots of efficiency and power to be of service. Even more insidious still is his attack on values by which the food producer is compensated for his labor. Reduced to its simplest term, the trade between the farmer who produces the food and the city man who eats it is a trade between foodstuffs and the manufactured goods the farmer needs. Says a British statesman, "In the main a country's agricultural produce is exchanged against manufactured articles. If industry is not producing, the farmer can not exchange his products against these articles, and, on the other hand, the industrial community has no purchasing power. It can only offer a currency which is rapidly depreciating and which the farmer will therefore refuse." The farmer accepts money, of course, but the money stands for a parity of value between the foodstuffs and the manufactured goods. This parity the Bolshevist would vitiate, has indeed vitiated in Russia and Hungary, by issuing superfluous money, and has tried to vitiate in America by reducing the production of manufactured goods while accepting an ever-increasing supply of foodstuffs. He would create by social fiat a standard of exchange to impose upon the farmer who produces by individual labor. He continues to eat and demand more from the soil and the tiller of the soil, while giving less labor for fewer hours. He demands more value in wheat, corn, and pork, for less value in machinery, coal, and clothing. He expects by manipulation of money to change the relationships between what the farmer grows and what the city man manufactures.

Fortunately for your farmer but unfortunately for your city man, the farmer has the last word on this. The farmer knows that he is the producer of the commodities of first necessity. His mind is never confused by money. For true value he looks to things or land, and he will not surrender his foodstuffs except for true value. When money becomes useless, the farmer turns away from money entirely and begins to hoard and barter. For a time after the Civil War in America, things were cheap and money was dear. That was a time of overproduction from the land. Such times do not promise soon to return. Money is so cheap in some parts of Europe to-day that it has practically lost value. If you want to get a goose in Hungary you have to take a pair of boots out into the country and barter directly with the farmer who needs boots.

As long as we are not all willing to work the soil, we must pay for our food a coin acceptable to the man who does work the soil. And that can not be done by the fiat of reform, by the changing of social order, the destruction of economic machinery, the issuing of more money, or the reduction in production of manufactured goods. It can be done only by work which will create something the farmer will accept for his produce. Lord Robert Cecil is authority for the statement that before the war four hundred million Europeans just managed to feed, clothe, and shelter themselves, and to amass six months' capital on which to live. Now that capital has vanished; Europe is to all intents and purposes on a non-capital basis. Is there anything in this to encourage the farmer to grow produce for the great mass of people who have no contact with the land? Hungary had its chance to prove the contention of the communists. But the farmers refused to exchange their produce for the useless scrip of the Soviets, and at a breath of outside influence Bela Kun fell. He and his followers were underfed and thousands of his unfortunate fellow-citizens were dead of starvation in an agricultural country. The cry that is going up to-day against the blockade on Russia adds no strength to the radical cause. Under normal conditions Russia does not need to import foodstuffs. She is an exporting nation. The demand that food from America shall now support the Soviets at Petrograd is simply

the demand that capital shall support abroad an order that is subversive of its strength to be of service to society. Capital is too much burdened at home to seek abroad such destructive philanthropy.

The answer to the difficulties does not lie in an impossible and parasitic communism. It lies in the demand that all groups of society play their part in the support of that order that must stand on a league of the agricultural with the industrial, or sink altogether to the agricultural. It lies not in putting greater burdens on the producers of foodstuffs, for these producers can easily cease to carry their burdens. It lies in adjusting the burdens between the producers of manufactured goods and the producers of foodstuffs.

If that is not done we shall have a reconstruction of society by rules more fundamental than those of the reformers, a reconstruction which has started in Europe and which is proceeding by two processes: first, the reduction of the population by starvation; second, a radical change of base by large groups of society back to the soil.

If our radical groups sincerely wish to see the order of urban life with all its advantages maintained and strengthened, let them take heed of the words of one who has much sympathy with the wrongs of labor and wishes to put labor in its proper place in the social order, a man moreover who knows how the pinch of hunger twinges in the stomachs of a hundred million people. The words were spoken of Europe, but they have no less application to America. Herbert Hoover writes, "No economic policy will bring food to those stomachs or fuel to those hearths that does not secure the maximum production. There is no use of tears over raising prices; they are to a great degree a visualization of insufficient production."

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

Impressions from Hungary

CORRESPONDENCE received from well-informed sources in Hungary indicates something of the full measure which that country is paying for its share in the war. The Rumanians have pillaged and requisitioned to an extent unbelievable unless seen. Not only has the greater portion of the transportation, both of the railroads and of private individuals, in the form of automobiles, trucks, wagons, etc., been taken to Rumania, but also the majority of the cattle and crops, the last to such an extent that the seed for next year is lacking. They have, by their requisitioning and theft, put some 200,000 industrial workers and their families in dire distress, and have likewise prevented the payment of any indemnity to the Entente by Hungary.

As a consequence, the country is in a state of utter disorganization. It takes ten days for a letter to go from one section of Budapest to another, writes another of our informants. One may guess from this what the communication will be between distant parts of the country. The population is starving and entirely dependent on sustenance from abroad. The American Relief Administration European Children's Fund is doing all it can to save the rising generation from becoming lost to the future. Mr. Gardner Richardson, who has organized the relief work at Budapest, arrived there on October 7, and in consultation with the Government began immediately to prepare for the opening of children's kitchens. Nearly a hundred of these desperately needed relief stations are running now full blast, and giving one meal every day to 100,000 children. The people's recognition of our good services finds expression in the esteem shown to the Stars and Stripes. The little American flag on the door of a freight car, or an automobile, or pasted on a parcel, or a piece of baggage, is a surer means of protection than policemen or armed soldiers are.

The Hungarian Government of Mr. Friedrich has coöperated with the Americans in a splendid spirit. An appropriation of 5,000,000 kronen was contributed towards the defrayal of the expenses of organization and administration of the relief. But far more is needed. The programme so far outlined will demand close to $1,000,000, in addition to the funds already secured, and this money is being raised chiefly among Americans of Hungarian extraction, on whom the responsibility for this relief work rests. The writer warns emphatically against sending money over to Hungary. It is worthless there, as there is nothing to buy.

The Hungarian has never been known as a hard worker, and under the present trying conditions he has the business ability of a child. Yet, economically, Hungary can be made self-sustaining; since for the population of the reduced territory, amounting to about ten million, there is sufficient agricultural land, coal mines, and iron mines remaining to them. Foreign aid, however, is needed to make these natural resources productive. Owing to the depreciation of the krone, the chances for investment of foreign capital are extremely good, in the first place because of the relatively small investment necessary to be made in foreign security or money; secondly, because of the great need of capital for practically every concern in Hungary. The Italians have already purchased the Wood Bank and a number of properties. The English have likewise invested to a considerable degree, and are now negotiating for a loan of about one hundred million pounds against the railroads of the country. The United States is handicapped both because of its distance, and the lack of any governmental or commercial agents in the country. The attitude of the Hungarian towards Americans is such that they prefer them to everyone except, perhaps, the British. They are not desirous of doing business with either the French or the Italians. Of their feelings towards the Germans and the resumption of the peaceful penetration of the country by German influences the same correspondent gives some interesting details. The former ally is already marketing her commodities in Hungary at a ridiculously low rate and giving two-year credits, and, unquestionably repulsive as the idea is to the Hungarian, the country will again become dependent upon Germany. She alone supplies the countries of the old Dual Monarchy with food, clothing, raw materials, and manufactured products on a credit basis acceptable to them. Germany, to the writer's positive knowledge, is the only country on the Continent where the supply of fuel is adequate and the factories are working day and night. One example of their cleverness is that in their replacements in Belgium of machinery carried away during the occupation, they have sent brand-new German machinery so that all spare parts for such plant will hereafter have to come from the same German factories. It would appear that the German dream of a "Mittel Europa" is nearer realization to-day than ever before.

Hungary has, indeed, some industries of her own. The largest factory is the metal fabrication plant of Manfred Weiss, situated at Colpel, in the neighborhood of Budapest. This plant normally employs 36,000 workmen, and during the war this number was increased to 50,000. At Györ are the plants of the Skoda Cannon Factory and a large car shop. At the smaller factories beet sugar and agricultural implements are mainly manufactured, of the latter about 60 per cent. of the national need. From the industrial workers in these factories the Social Democratic Party recruits most of its members, being three per cent. of the ten million people inhabiting the new Hungary. Their recent experience of Bolshevism has sobered both the working and the governing classes. The Social Democrats have agreed to remove from their platform the elimination of class distinction, and the Government, which has always opposed any labor organization, is beginning to realize that

it is better to utilize labor than to fight it.

All things considered, Hungary, in spite of Bolshevist rule and Rumanian pillage, seems to be in a much better condition than her sister-state Austria. To American business the country offers a wide field for enterprise. The writer would rather favor an investment of capital than the purchase of anything for export, and if importation were contemplated, it would of course be necessary to grant extended credit, as the Germans do. There is also an opportunity for the establishment of a bank to take the place of the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company, in view of the fact that there are about two million Hungarians in the United States, all of whom continually send remittances to Hungary. The people would view an initiative in this line from the American side with enthusiasm. The splendid organization set up by Mr. Hoover's representatives and now utilized by Captain Richardson for his relief work, and the energetic mannner in which the United States General H. H. Bandholtz, of Philippine fame, has dealt with the Rumanian invaders, have made the Americans very popular among all classes in Hungary.

Sir Robert Borden

THE somewhat unexpected retirement* of Sir Robert Borden from the Canadian Premiership is calculated to affect the political situation in the Dominion to a degree that leaves the immediate consequences very much in the realm of speculation. Until the announcement of his determination to withdraw from the high office which he held since 1911, few realized the importance of the man and of the position that he occupied in the eyes of the country. His disappearance from the scene was considered to be so remote that scarcely any person calculated the results—especially as they might affect the political future of Canada. Now, however, that he has made the momentous announcement, everything has been cast into such a state of confusion that only time can draw any semblance of order out of the chaotic outlook. It is certainly now opportune to glance back over the recent years and briefly estimate the importance of the part played by Sir Robert Borden in the country's affairs during the most trying period of her history since the time of the Confederation.

Unlike Sir John A. Macdonald, Borden was not a keen and wily politician possessed of that peculiar magnetism which draws men irresistibly to his following; unlike Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he was not a polished orator, in both languages; but he possessed other and very important qualifications for leadership, which, if slow in development, became more and more manifest as circumstances of increasing national importance arose. In the public life of the Dominion he has, since 1896, come slowly to be recognized as a man of exceptional parts. When he entered the Federal field the Conservative party was fresh from an overwhelming defeat, without cohesion in its ranks, and without a leader of any prominence. The choice, despite grave opposition, fell upon the new member from Halifax. Even after he became leader of the Opposition, and consequently of the Conservative party, there was a considerable amount of friction between the members of his following; and, after the defeat of the Conservatives at the polls in 1900, there was a threat of replacing him in the leadership. Once again his party was defeated, but so able was his management during succeeding sessions that his qualities of leadership became more apparent. At last, the suddenly called election of 1911 swept him into power. It was unexpected, even by the most sanguine of Conservatives; consequently all the more to the credit of Borden.

He assumed the Premiership under peculiar circumstances; the prestige of the recent victory was a source of great encouragement; the lack of a defined policy, of experience on the part of his new Ministry, and of absolute unanimity on certain issues militated against him. During three years Sir Robert Borden worked night and day and brought every means of fortifying his Government into play. It was a huge task; and, as it progressed, he displayed an ever increasing energy, keen-sightedness, and tact. Yet, all this was in the purely domestic sphere; outside of Canada little was known of the political situation, and the Dominion's foreign relations were so restricted that there was no real opportunity for him to display any of the qualities that have since dawned upon the public. Had old conditions continued, it is quite possible that Borden would have held the Premiership of Canada for a number of years, and have relinquished the position leaving behind him the reputation of an able lawyer and a conscientious administrator, with a great willingness to devote his whole attention to the improvement of the Dominion's prospects.

The year 1914 brought the war. With a keenness of vision for which few had given him credit, and with a determination far beyond what was suspected to exist in his character, before the British Government had declared war on Germany, Borden had cabled to England the offer of Canada's entire coöperation in the event of a struggle. From that hour until the end of the war, through all the political vicissitudes that marked those four years, despite every adverse criticism that naturally arose, he never once wavered nor relinquished the helm. Others might hesitate, others might turn back, others might halt in presence of unforeseen obstacles; but he never once lost sight of the beacon on the far summit which he had set there for his own guidance and for the guidance of Canada.

This is not the time to attempt any appreciation of Sir Robert Borden's course and activities at the Peace Conference, nor their effect upon the decisions of the Allies or upon the prospects of Canada; we are yet too near those events to be able to judge them with impartiality or to gauge their ultimate bearing upon the near future of the Dominion. The student of the coming years will be better able to appraise them, and to assign to Sir Robert Borden the place which he must occupy in the Pantheon of Canadian statesmanship. For the present all that can be done is to express regret that the overstrain of duty has considerably, though not, it may be hoped, permanently, impaired his health and has led to an immediate retirement from public life. The consequences of his relinquishing the Premiership at this time and they will be many and great in Canada—are of minor consideration compared to the premature ending of a public career that, if slow in its earlier developments, certainly was marked by ability, energy, determination, patriotism, and world-wide sympathies.

Personally, Sir Robert Borden is a man of fine education, a very deep-read lawyer, possessing an even and cordial disposition, devoted to art, letters, and to warm human attachments. He has never been an extremist, either in politics or religion. He had his strong convictions, but he conceded the right to all his fellow-countrymen to enjoy their respective views and opinions. He had a great dislike for all that tended to awaken prejudices in the minds of the people. It was his misfortune, at times, to be under the necessity of surrounding himself with colleagues who did not fully share his broad-mindedness. In the last year but one of the war he made a stupendous effort to strengthen his ministry by inviting members of the Opposition to join him in his task. To a certain degree he succeeded; his course therein may be estimated in different ways, according as it is observed from one critical angle or from another, but it clearly demonstrated that he was not a hidebound politician.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada

*This article, contributed by our special Canadian correspondent, is of sufficient interest to stand, in spite of the news, received at the last moment, that Sir Robert Borden intends to retain his office while taking an extended vacation.

Correspondence

The Present Situation in Alsace-Lorraine

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

A few months ago I had the honor of being presented to Mr. Wilson. During the audience I asked the President to be kind enough to write his name on the margin of a volume where were formulated his Fourteen Points. Very obligingly the distinguished statesman penned his initials alongside of these words of the eighth point: "The wrong done to France in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine should be righted." Here again Mr. Wilson recognized the fact that the logical and just conclusion of the war could only be reached by restoring to France Alsace-Lorraine. The President, as well as the whole generous American nation, saw this from the first moment, and we shall always be eternally thankful to them for this.

When Germany annexed these Provinces, she never asked the population how they felt in the matter, nor did she pay any attention to the Bordeaux Protest of 1871. And, again, when in 1874 the then recently elected Alsace-Lorraine members of the Reichstag requested that the Provinces be given an opportunity to vote on the question, the proposal was greeted with derisive laughter. During the forty-four years which followed, the Germans constantly refused to sanction by a popular ballot what they held simply by the right of conquest. More than this—they never ceased to persecute the people of Alsace-Lorraine because the latter continued to protest against a domination forced upon them. But to-day, rather late it must be admitted, the authorities at Berlin are beginning to pronounce as stupid the policy of heartless repression which their predecessors pursued in the Provinces, and which conclusively showed that, after forty-four years of tranquil possession, Germany had not learned how to win the affection or even the esteem of this people who continued to repudiate their rule. Bismarck's remark was quite true, when he said, evidently with a feeling of pride, that "the Prussian does not know how to make himself liked." France, on the other hand, has always succeeded in awakening warm affection in those who have come to her, the latest proof of which was seen repeatedly in the recent war. Consequently it is not surprising that Alsace-Lorraine, torn by force from a nation to which she was so warmly attached, and placed under the domination of unsympathetic masters, has throughout this long exile always ardently desired to return to the land of her preference.

Before 1914, some people doubted whether the Provinces, "momentarily absent from their home," were still faithful in their love for France. This questioning was largely due to a most active German propaganda which never wearied in spreading statements to this effect. But the events which quickly followed easily overturned this fragile edifice founded on falsehoods. When the French and American troops entered Alsace-Lorraine, they were welcomed, as I know from having seen it myself, with transports of joy by the whole population. When were more flags unfurled and garlands displayed by a people delirious with enthusiasm? How true were the words of President Poincaré pronounced at Strassburg: "The plebiscite has been taken!" Yes, it was taken, and how decisive and overwhelming it was. In a word, the Provinces threw themselves into the arms of France. The long martyrdom was at last at an end.

During the forty-four years of their servitude, the people of Alsace-Lorraine had never ceased to ask for autonomy within the German Empire. But to this very reasonable demand Berlin always replied with a No. So now these Germans, who imagine themselves shrewd, asked themselves if the moment had not come to satisfy this desire and so prevent the Provinces from becoming once more a part of France, "one and indivisible." A few days before the armistice, the Berlin Government appointed a Stadtholder and an Alsatian Secretary of State whose mission it was to elaborate, in accord with the Strassburg Parliament, a new and liberal constitution, even it it had to be republican. But these eleventh-hour concessions were outstripped by the onrush of events. If they had been offered before 1914, they might have satisfied the nation, but in 1918, an Alsace-Lorraine, sure of becoming a part of France again, would of course not listen to them. The Lower House at Strassburg overturned the new Government, declared itself a National Assembly and in a resolution which was carried unanimously stated that it was the wish of the people to return to France.

But even then the Germans did not abandon their efforts to prevent the disaster. An "emergency committee" was established at Baden-Baden, an unlimited amount of money was put at its disposal and Alsace-Lorraine was inundated with tracts, manifestoes and pamphlets, in which the neutralization plan was advocated. In the meantime France took possession of the country and at first acted very leniently towards these propagandists. Only Government employees who had compromised themselves were expelled, while 350,000 Germans, who were, of course, heart and soul with Germany, were left in the country. For a moment Berlin thought her efforts had been crowned with success. "We have triumphed," shouted the three musketeers of Baden-Baden. But they were destined to be disappointed. After a long period of tolerance, the Strassburg police decided one fine morning to take measures to check the chief "neutralists," and the agitation ceased without having affected even superficially the attachment of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

But during the first months of French rule some grave but inevitable mistakes were made. Though Alsatian administrative ways differ radically from those which prevail in other parts of France, the new French officials thoughtlessly began to substitute the latter for the former and consequently produced considerable discontent; whereupon the Germans imagined, mistakenly as was their custom, that this dissatisfaction was addressed to France, the Liberator, instead of to stupid officials who meant well but were blunderers. As soon as it was perceived at Paris that France was on the wrong track in Alsace-Lorraine, M. Clemenceau made haste to confide the administration of the Provinces to a first-class official, M. Alexandre Millerand, a leading member of the Paris bar, who had been associated with M. Clemenceau both as a journalist and a minister; and he also carried through the Chambers a bill which maintained provisionally in these territories the local self-government practices peculiar to them. These measures sufficed to quiet the public mind, which had been momentarily excited.

If Germany is still blind in this matter, her eyes must have been opened by the results of the general elections which occurred in the middle of last month, which, by the way, were favorable to the moderates, but in which even the socialists declared their satisfaction at becoming French once more. In this matter of nationality, and this is the point that especially interests me here, all the candidates stood on the same platform. Not one neutralist or autonomist showed himself on the hustings. M. Poincaré's remark was again to the point—"the plebiscite has been made." All the voters of Alsace-Lorraine approved the Treaty of Versailles, and Germany sees these Provinces permanently lost to her, for we are French and we shall remain French, under the protection of the powerful Allies of France, to whom we express, with all our heart, our profoundest gratitude.

EMILE WETTERLE

Chamber of Deputies, Paris, December 1.

[Abbé Wetterlé, a Catholic priest, was born at Colmar in 1861, and before the war was one of the Alsatian members of the German Reichstag. In 1914 he escaped to France, where, during five years, he ardently supported, with voice and pen, the cause of the Allies. At the recent general elections he was chosen a member of the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Upper Rhine, of which Colmar is the capital.]

Book Reviews

"Vir Vere Christianus"

A LABRADOR DOCTOR. The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

IF Wilfred Grenfell in the second year of his medical course had not turned into an Evangelistic meeting conducted by Moody and Sankey on a certain night in the year 1885, the whole course of his after life would have been different. He would have become a distinguished physician with an aristocratic connection. Wealth and honors would have been his; and he would have enjoyed the athletic outdoor sports, shooting, fishing, yachting so dear to the heart of the English gentleman. It would have been an exemplary and irreproachable career. But that night he made a choice as radical as Saul of Tarsus. It drove him to a life of hardship and service at the ends of the earth. Honor unsought has come to him in no stinted measure. More precious still must be the gratitude of the thousands into whose life he has brought healing and the admiration of troops of friends who know how to value a man and a man's work.

Now he has written his autobiography; but he tells us surprisingly little about himself. He belongs to the famous Cornwall Grenfells, a fighting clan whose record is writ large in the annals of England's army and fleet from the days of Elizabeth to the Great War just ended. A curious mark of the English aristocrat is that he not only meets danger adequately when it comes; he goes out of his way to seek it; he courts it like a mistress. The love of adventure is in the Grenfell blood. As a mere child, young Wilfred was allowed to roam at will upon the dangerous Sands of Dee with his gun, wild-fowling, and retrieving the birds he shot by swimming into the icy pools after them. Adventure has always been the breath of his nostrils. Whether it was fighting half a dozen blackguards who were trying to bully him in a "pub," or manœuvring a capsized boat to land in the dark, or drifting with freezing hands and feet on an ice-pan in Arctic seas, peril to life and limb has always fired, not chilled, his ardent temperament. Christianity itself appeals to him as the greatest adventure of all.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell was born at Parkgate, Chester, on February 28, 1865. His father was a brilliant graduate of Oxford, a clergyman and the head of an excellent private school. At the age of fourteen, young Grenfell was sent to Marlborough College; four years later he was ripe for the university, and was offered his choice of Oxford, or a medical course at London university. He chose the latter. At the age of twenty-one, he had satisfied the easy requirements of that time for a medical degree. In hospital he had seen much of the North Sea fishermen, and soon undertook medical, philanthropic, and religious work among them. At the suggestion of his chief, Sir Frederic Treves, he went to sea in January to take a look over his "field." He found the twenty thousand men in England's fishing fleets of the breed of Peggotty and Ham. Their rough, hard life had plenty of surgical cases as by-products. Floating traders in liquor demoralized them in slack times of fishing. There was no attempt to relieve suffering or supply medical attendance. The amelioration Grenfell was able to bring into their lives can not easily be calculated. He does not mention it in his book, but his work among the North Sea fishermen was the subject of an admiring article by James Runciman in one of the leading reviews.

Soon he became interested in the condition of the fishermen of the North Atlantic, and in June, 1892, he and two others sailed a ketch with only three feet freeboard across to Newfoundland. They made St. Johns the very time of the third great fire. From that day to this, he has labored with the ardor of a zealot and the cool practicality of a common-sense Englishman to better the lot of perhaps the hardest-driven white population in the world. The fishermen of the Labrador wring a scanty living from the cruellest of seas. Starvation is never far away. They shelter in hovels to which an Irish peasant's cabin is luxurious. Till Grenfell came among them, there was absolutely no relief from disease. Yet they have all the primitive virtues; courage, daring, fortitude, resource are all in the day's work; mutual helpfulness is a matter of course; the hospitality of the poor, which means sharing the last crust, is "t' way of t' coast." Having himself the qualities of the sailor, Grenfell was particularly fitted to deal with this race of seafarers. For twenty years, he has striven to better their conditions and afford them aid of every kind, medical, religious, educational. He has aimed at nothing less than the transformation of the entire population, to lift the whole dead weight to a higher level of civilization. Here in the United States he has found his most effective support, and has enlisted an army of generous helpers. It has not been all plain sailing. Losses, disappointments, failures have come with success; but the net result is incalculable improvement in the lot of a brave, hardy, laborious race. That such a work should ever be allowed to lapse is inconceivable.

Another philosopher descanting on "Varieties of Religious Experience" could draw a fresh illustration from this volume. He would find a case of "conversion," as authentic as Bunyan's. He could point to a type of fervent evangelical Christianity coupled with an administrative ability which would have raised the possessor to eminence in the business world. He could show principle of the most uncompromising kind joined with a joy in living, a love of adventure, athletics, sport, and sheer fun, supposedly "pagan." He could hardly find a better instance of practical religion, nearly creedless but concerned chiefly in following in the footsteps of the Teacher, who "went about doing good."

The Work of an Interpreter

THE AMAZING CITY. By John F. Macdonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALL one nation ever really knows of another is a caricature. To Americans, England is John Bull; to England, America is Uncle Sam. A common language and common institutions, backed by the most determined good will, cannot bridge the chasm of misunderstanding which yawns between these kindred peoples. Men of genius, like Emerson and Hawthorne, strove to interpret the English to Americans; and, in our own time, Price Collier built upon their classic foundations. But how slight is the result! Some progress towards mutual understanding was made during the great war; but already a reaction has set in. In the case of a country like France, with a different language and alien institutions, the difficulties of comprehension are doubled or trebled. In spite of America's gratitude to Lafayette, Rochambeau, and de Grasse, in spite of Pershing's epigram and the sincere and widespread sentiment it stood for, actual contact with the French and France left Americans considerably disillusioned.

It is perhaps the very difficulty of interpreting one nation to another which makes the task so attractive. There is certainly no lack of effort to break down the ethnic barriers which delay the march of mankind to the federation of the world. The latest and not least successful attempt to overcome racial prejudice is represented by this collection of John F. Macdonald's scattered papers, which have been edited by his widow. "The Amazing City" is Paris, and Paris is the heart of France. Macdonald's qualifications for the work were many: long residence in Paris, sympathy, fairness, patience, love of truth, the gift of style. A Scot is better fitted than an Englishman to understand the French. Scotland and France are old allies; and long-established intercourse between them has left its mark on the dialect.

Written at different times for different periodicals, these scattered papers are animated by a single purpose—"to counteract the wrong-headed reports of

French and English antipathies by which two sympathetic neighbor-peoples are being estranged and exasperated." The author's sole aim is to report accurately what has come under his own eyes. Planless as the book may seem, it covers nearly all events in every domain of Parisian life betwe n 1907 and 1913. Implicitly it contradicts the facile assumption that the war created a new, serious, earnest Paris. Paris is one and indivisible.

Perhaps the most illuminating paper of the collection is the account of Madame Steinheil's trial for the murder of her husband and her mother. From this side of the Atlantic the whole transaction was veiled in mystery; Macdonald's narrative lifts the veil. He was one of the favored few admitted to the court-room, and he takes the reader with him. There, in the prisoner's dock, is the "tragic widow," otherwise the "black panther," dressed in mourning. There is the "Judge," really the public prosecutor, accusing, bullying, torturing the wretched woman; and, at every fresh accusation, she leaps from her chair to deny it with a passion, a voice, and an energy that Bernhardt might have envied. His account of Jules Guérin, the furious Anti-Semite propagandist, who edited his paper *L'Anti-Juif* in a study bristling with loaded revolvers—in *La Ville Lumière*, not the Texas or California of romantic fiction—is most picturesque and convincing. The defence of Fort Chabrol by this militant journalist in 1899 is like an episode in the wars of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. For weeks he defied Paris, till level-headed Paris put a period to the siege and to him. And yet this ferocious editor, who wanted to hang the Jews at the lamp-posts, lost his life as a result of helping his neighbors in the Seine floods.

Equally brilliant is his characterization of Henri Rochefort. "It was only his snowy white hair, brushed upwards, that made him picturesque. Pale, steely blue eyes, that lit up cruelly, evilly at times; a face seamed, sallow, and horse-like in shape; a harsh, guttural voice; large, yellowish hands, with long, pointed finger-nails." When Macdonald went to interview him, he found him in dressing-gown and slippers, in his own apartment amidst pictures, flowers, and frail china. He was playing with a little toy lamb, which could be made to jump by pressing a bulb at the end of a rubber tube. Rochefort the terrible was all amiability. He complimented his visitor on his unlikeness to the traditional Englishman of French caricatures, saw him to the garden gate, and plucked a rose for him. In his very next article, Rochefort described Macdonald as a "sinister brigand in the pay of the Jews; in fact, one of those diabolical bandits who are devastating our beloved France." Rochefort was, indeed, "a mass of contradictions." The same man, who, as a medical student, denounced the iniquities of vivisection, demanded that walnut-shells containing long, hairy spiders should be strapped on Captain Dreyfus' eyes.

All Paris passes in review through these pages. The life of the streets, underground shops where worn-out finery is exposed for sale, picnics of the honest "cits," the strike of the electricians, the comedy and tragedy of the Latin Quarter, royal visits to Paris, the peculiarities of French Presidents, are a few of the themes treated with singular point and breadth. The section devoted to explaining Bourget's dramatic activity and the French attitude towards such plays as "Notre Jeunesse" and "La Déserteuse," is particularly helpful to the bewildered outsider. Macdonald was among the fortunate beings who actually witnessed the first performance of "Chantecler." His descriptive interpretation would almost persuade the sympathetic reader that he too was present at that gallant and spirit-moving play.

Macdonald is an accomplished craftsman. He has drawn his pictures with his eye on the object, his hand is restrained by Scottish fear of excess, and he has learned not a little from the masters of French prose. Though he treats topics of the day, his method is not ephemeral. It must be a very subtle critic who can distinguish journalism of this type from literature. The general reader will be eager to know the other two works on the same theme by an observer so just and so sincere.

National "Atmosphere"

RACE AND NATIONALITY. By John Oakesmith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE question of race and nationality is indeed as delicate as any question now confronting mankind. On what basis shall the world be recast—of race or nationality or internationalism? This question can be answered—if indeed any answer is possible—only by first defining these three terms. The meaning attached to them in the past has been vague. Men have grouped themselves instinctively, and, so far as can be judged, for the most part advantageously. Can better results be expected in the future from factitious modifications of the grouping achieved in the past? Can group determinations be regulated, and in case of fancied need prohibited, as public utilities are regulated or liquor prohibited? Is the science of community formation and development sufficiently exact to speak with an authoritative voice; in short, have we sufficiently analyzed the concepts "race," "nationality," "internationalism" to know their meanings?

In "Race and Nationality" Mr. John Oakesmith attempts to discover the most pregnant fact of modern political evolution. The book, though appearing only recently, was written as a whole before the war broke out, and the author says that if he had been one of those "who foresaw the early outbreak of a universal war in which the triumph or defeat of the principle of nationality was to be the dominating issue, his treatment of the subject would probably have been wanting in a certain boldness which perhaps now marks it, even if he had had the courage to enter upon it at all." It is this boldness that gives the work its character. "The principle of nationality has defied definition and even analysis," said J. A. R. Marriott more than two years ago. Yet the task is inviting and largely because in the past it has not been undertaken in a genuine scientific spirit. Nothing could be more true than a statement which Lord Esher made in 1918, in a letter on "The Meaning of Patriotism": "With a new world opening before us, it is just the moment to take stock of words and phrases in common use, and to give them precision and directness." This is Mr. Oakesmith's aim, the sub-title of his work being "An Inquiry into the Origin and Growth of Patriotism."

We are habituated to the idea that blood is thicker than water. No one, however, can read the work before us without a suspicion that atmosphere is of more account than blood in the development of nationality and patriotism. The author, dissenting from Chamberlain's conception of race and Robertson's deduction of internationalism, adheres to the notion of nationality, which he defines, in a phrase of his own coining, as the principle of "organic continuity of common interest." If at the start this sounds like catchwords, we speedily discover that the expression epitomizes a clearly defined, admirably conceived, and forcibly presented philosophy of political evolution, in the light of which manifold problems occasioned by the war may be profitably studied.

Mr. Oakesmith's formula has three terms which require preliminary definition. First, *Interest*. By this is not meant interest in the purely personal and selfish sense. The interests of a man are everything in which he is interested: his physical, intellectual, moral, and artistic powers and all their manifold activities in the sphere of human life. The *common interests* of a group of people are their common material, intellectual, moral, and artistic possessions, their social institutions and their economic relations, and their common sympathy in the proper use of these in the world of experience. Secondly: There is not only *community* of interest, but *continuity* of interest. The forces which mould nationality, if there be any such thing as nationality, are of necessity his-

torical forces, since every generation is the inheritor of the social tradition and culture of its predecessor, however much it may modify or improve the heritage before handing it down to its successor. Neither Rome nor any other nation was built in a day. National sympathy looks backward and forward as well as to the immediate present. The natural qualities possessed by all men, as men, are manifested quite differently in different communities, according to the special tradition or culture which has been gradually formed through generations of continuous national existence. But not only is nationality based on common interest; and on continuity of common interest: the continuity of interest is, thirdly, *organic*. That is to say, nationality, like every other evolutionary organism, has developed machinery for entering into relationships of action and passion with its environment; and, being a human organism, it is endowed, as part of that machinery, with intelligence, the last fine product of natural evolution, which is capable of diverting the lower forces of natural evolution to its own special human purposes. Under the pressure of surrounding phenomena, this organizing intelligence has developed a powerful and elaborate apparatus for the accomplishment of distinctively national ends. Nationality, therefore, is community of interest developed in course of time into a characteristic traditional culture which gradually creates for itself machinery, legislative, administrative, and other, for effecting its ends in the world of human action. Nationality, to repeat, is the organic continuity of common interest.

But an organism is not only an active phenomenon—it is capable not only of effecting its purposes, more or less successfully, in the external world, but it is the objective recipient of influences from all the external world. Mr. Oakesmith has not omitted, in its proper place, to deal with the possibility of a progressive national development in communities isolated from foreign influences; but he has not been able to ignore the fact that a main agent of national development, paradoxical as the statement may appear, is to be found in the operation of external causes; not as forces dominating the national organism —for how in such a case could nationality exist?—but as moulding and being moulded by the national forces in a co-operative movement. The phrase which is suggested by the author to describe this process is, "The commingling of atmospheres." He errs in thinking that it may be a clumsy phrase; on the contrary, it is singularly felicitous.

The work before us is devoted to demonstrating and illustrating the operation of this principle of sociological evolution. He supports his theory by a critical examination of the contradictions and absurdities involved in the racial theories current in historical and political writers of the present day. The essence of the racial theory, especially as exhibited by writers of the school of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is, we are told, profoundly immoral, as well as unnatural and irrational. It asserts that, by virtue of belonging to a certain "race," every individual member of it possesses qualities which inevitably destine him to the realization of certain ends. This conception has been the root-cause of that diseased national egotism whose exhibition during the war has been at once the scorn and the horror of the civilized world.

The view advocated by Mr. Oakesmith is that "race" as a constituent element in nationality is a purely subjective emotion. It is not an hereditary force, as is proved by the fact that strangers admitted into the bosom of a community soon participate in all the emotions of patriotic interest felt by the native inhabitants. The practical value of "race" is as purely subjective as the emotion of the soldier who is proud of his regiment's history, not because he is descended from its earliest members, but because he feels that he belongs to *the same regiment* as they did; organic community of common interest is the basis of the life of a regiment, as of all forms of social development. "Community of race" obtains its force, not from any objective value as a scientific factor in national life, but from the fact that it is a belief imbibed from so many sentimental sources in history, literature, and tradition. Race as an ideal conception has become part of an environing tradition that moulds national character. The belief in it as an objective influence transmitted in the blood is an interesting but perverted recognition of continuity of common interest as an effective force that produces nationality. The danger is that it should be perverted so as to endeavor to force into common national organizations peoples claimed as belonging to the same race, but separated by different institutions, different laws and customs, different hopes and fears, different sympathies, and different hatreds. One sees the force of this last statement the moment one turns one's eyes to the Balkans.

Of course this whole discussion relates itself to the war and to post-war conditions; it is largely that fact that gives it its value. The two concluding chapters, in particular, deal with such pressing modern problems as the relationship of nationality to peace and war and to the League of Nations. It is here suggested that war will be made impossible, and universal and lasting peace be secured, not by the sudden imposition of hastily manufactured machinery, but by the gradual extension from national life to international life of the principle of organic community of interest which has already established harmony within the separate national boundaries. Is not this, however, what we all fondly supposed up to the middle of 1914?

F. J. WHITING

The Note of Yesterday

SIR HARRY: A LOVE STORY. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

CONSEQUENCES. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

DEADHAM HARD: A ROMANCE. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

MR. MARSHALL, according to the publisher, thinks this the best novel he has written. History indicates that it is as idle to reason why in such case as in the case of the cat and her favorite kitten. The chronicler tries here to slip out of his Trollopean mantle and to prophesy of another world. He does what various admirers have been asking him to do and—well, they asked for it! The imagination of most artists under the highest rank (and of some in it) of narrow habitat. A place, a time, an atmosphere—it is there they chiefly live; elsewhere they are little more at ease than the rest of us. The comfortable England of County society, the England of safe privilege and apparently unshakable class divisions, the England of property as vested in her gentry, is the home of Mr. Marshall's fancy. In his Preface to "Abington Abbey" (or was it "The Graftons"?) published in war-time, he showed a little uneasiness about his continued treatment of that old settled England now so patently breaking up. His defence, as we recall it, was that the present is too close and confused for interpretation, that it is a useful solace to glance back, out of our turmoil, to those untroubled days and ways, and that there, at all events, his own field lay. Now, in stepping from it, or in swinging its gate open to the present, he finds himself confronted by a choice. Two unfamiliar paths lie before him: the turbulent road of social and political change, along which he and his gentlefolk must be sadly jostled and may be put altogether out of countenance, and (close alongside and changeless and in its way safe) the flowery way of emotional romance. His subtitle is the rose he wears in his coat as symbol of his choice.

We are to take that step with him, for the opening of the story finds us strolling in the old plaisance, with the old companions. Royd Castle with its young heir, its stately dowager, its old family servants, its statellite vicar and tutor, its supremely complacent snobbishness and reclusion—all this exhales the atmosphere in which Mr. Marshall, like his master, has seemed to breathe most contentedly, but something uncom-

mon is up. The young heir, fruit of a misalliance, is carefully reared at home by the dowager-grandmother. He comes to the verge of manhood a child-hearted dreamer. At the fit hour, arrives his meeting with the maid who though apparently of low degree is as beautiful and as miraculously innocent as himself. Ferdinand and Miranda, Richard and Lucy—to such a plane, from his well-bred country-house wooings of the past, Mr. Marshall essays to rise. Perhaps the first and last word is that we feel it to be an essay: "The melting sweetness of her gaze filled him with trembling rapture. The secret of life and all its beauty, which he thought he had divined, now seemed to have depths beyond depths of meaning. . . ." There is much of this, the real old story, eloquently told; brought to us, however, as a familiar thing and not as in any way a revelation. And with the first idyllic episode, we have had the best of it. Thereafter the plot develops a strained mechanism such as serves the craft of a Stephen McKenna or a Mrs. Victor Rickard. Sir Henry goes to war and learns the brutality of life, and returns to marry a Viola who turns out to be of as good blood as his own—the County touch thus proving too strong for our author, after all.

"Consequences" returns to the period and the materials of "Zella Sees Herself." After the somewhat tedious brilliancy of "The Pelicans," it is honest reading. But in the end we seem to have been spending our time over a sort of inferior and hopeless "Zella." Alex Clare has the restless self-consciousness, the awkward egotism, the pathetic longing for recognition and love, that belonged to Zella. But she is not destined, like Zella, to see herself to any purpose, so far as either her happiness or her usefulness is concerned. It is the piteous story of a human failure too drab to be tragic. Interwoven with it is that element of conventual routine, religious ardor and repression, dogma and comedy, which is so prominent in this writer's earlier stories. An autobiographical foundation for this guesses itself . . . Alex's lack of charm belongs to her lack of self-respect; she affronts love by grovelling for it, and there is nothing in life for her but humiliation and suffering. Her only act of strength is the act of self-destruction which rids the world of her encumbering presence. Alex, we may say, might have found work and some sort of happiness in the enlarged sphere for woman of our own day. But in no world, however ideal, could there be much need of Alexes.

There is a vague aroma of Miss Austen and the Brontës about these novels of "E. M. Delafield." Lucas Malet's flavor is more "mid-Victorian." A crude suggestion of her style would be as a blend of George Eliot and Henry James—which is a sufficiently quaint attribution for the daughter of Charles Kingsley! The tale is very long and, to put it with mildness, leisurely beyond all requirements. There is a comparatively simple story to be told about a nice English girl and her parentage, and her home, and her love-affairs, and the Voice that Breathes over her and her elderly Colonel Sahib in the end. But it is elaborated and embroidered to the length of five hundred black pages. The dialogue is often ponderous beyond belief. The medical pundit who prescribes for General Frayling is by no means a "character" part. He speaks the tongue of his book-mates: "The medical properties of the springs—particularly those of La Nonnette—meet our patient's case excellently. . . . I have reason to know that other agreeable people are going to Cotteret shortly. Not the rank and file. For such the place does not pretend to cater. There the lucrative stock-broker, or lucrative Jew, is still a rara avis. Long may he continue to be so, and Cotteret continue to pride itself on its exclusiveness! 'In that particular it will admirably suit you, Mrs. Frayling.' . . . To a compliment so nicely turned," the narrative proceeds, "Henrietta could not remain insensible. Before the destined train bore Dr. Stewart-Walker back to his more legitimate zone of practice, she saw herself committed to an early striking of camp, with this obscure, if select, *ville d'eaux* as her destination."

Already someone has compared this story and De Morgan's narratives; but its total lack of humor puts it upon quite another plane. One must take its involved trivialities as seriously as they take themselves. It is for the more abandoned addicts of the Victorian Nepenthe.

H. W. Boynton

An Original Novel of Old Cairo

Albert Ades and Albert Josipovici are fortunate indeed! Maeterlinck considered their last book, "Les Inquiets," the most remarkable literary début of the day; and Mirbeau, commenting on the manuscript of their new work, proclaimed it "une des plus grandioses manifestations de la pensée!" This is high praise for Adès and Josipovici; it is less flattering for literature and thought. We must surely have fallen upon evil times if the mind has produced nothing more "grandiose" than "Le Livre de Goha le Simple."

I do not mean, however, that this is not a good book; it is well written and entertaining; and it gives us something new in the exotic novel of recent years. Other writers, such as Loti, Mille, and the Tharauds, have written of Mohammedan civilization; but these authors are Frenchmen; and whether they are flooded with emotion by the muezzin's call to prayer as it sifts down upon the harems of old Stamboul, or smile at the founding of a shrine over the body of a dead donkey, or, yet again, are puzzled by the ideals of a people whose prophet announced his love of women, perfume, and prayer, they all look upon the Mohammedan world as foreigners, from the outside. Adès and Josipovici are Egyptians, writing of old Cairo as natives, from the inside; and although I feel by no means sure that their Western training has not influenced their ideas, their attitude has lent a certain originality to their book.

A father exercises the right to put his daughter to death for conjugal infidelity, students kiss the hands of their teacher as he goes through the streets, a vulture steals meat from a vendor's tray, a go-between is the agent of a perfectly respectable citizen, a spirit is supposed to have strangled a woman—these things, as well as many other matters of daily life, custom, or belief, the authors take for granted, using them, incidentally and without emphasis, as pertinent accessories to their story. Similarly they take for granted also, as men treating of familiar things, the characters of their heroes. Thus, instead of the usual generalizing and desultory glimpses at Mohammedan peculiarities, "Goha le Simple" gives us the pleasure of a novelty; a book of the East dealing solely with the steady, continuous development of two main characters.

Cheik-el-Zaki is a learned expounder of the Koran. About his column in the El-Azhar court gather the élite of Mohammedan youth; "their long necks are marked with heavy veins, their shoulders are narrow and angular, their fingers, tapering." But El-Zaki is not happy. He is tired of fighting the opposition of those who maintain unchanged the traditional doctrines of Islam. He turns for satisfaction to the realities of life and thus it is that he descends from the intellectual to the material and the instinctive; and thus it is also that his path crosses that of Goha who is progressing in the opposite direction.

The development of Goha is from our point of view more striking. The Mohammedans have, so the Tharauds tell us, a certain religious veneration for the half-witted; if the innocent and feebleminded are different from us, it is because Allah has withheld a part of their brains in order that he may keep in secret communication with them. Goha's cerebral deficiency meets with more than Christian charity from El-Zaki, from his nurse Hawa, from El-Zaki's disquieting second wife, Nour-el-Ein, and from the widow who at the end of the story is smitten with his person as he passes stark naked under her window!

Goha has his trials, however, and they are bitter. At the age of twenty-two, he has the mentality of a child of twelve. As the result of the favor or favors (according to the sex) of the persons just mentioned and also because of his interest in a newly unearthed statue of Isis, found as he wandered idly one day on the further bank of the Nile, a change takes place gradually within him. His sensibilities are awakened, and with their awakening has dawned upon his clouded but iridescent consciousness a sense of his own person. His mind is, to be sure, scarcely more lucid now than formerly; witness the following passage representing the accumulated fruits of many experiences:

> The genie that walks with beings (the shadow), I see it and no one else sees it. I know how men are steeped in oil, I have heard it with my own ears. I know how beans are bartered for sheep and if any one wants to learn, it is to me that he must come. I have seen negresses become white at night, I have seen the desert change into precious stones, and stars fall down upon the djinns.

His life has supplied him with nothing but sensations, images, and desires; but these have been sufficient to impress him with the reality of man as a living being and his heart swells with tenderness towards every one—yes, even towards Sayed, the orange vendor who with the children, the merchants, and the hetaerae has mocked him most cruelly in the public streets. Unfortunately with the capacity for affection has come also an awakening to suffering. Goha is soon bereft of all that he most cherished and all those who have been good to him are pursued, so it seems to him, by a malevolent Fate. A great, compelling revolt slowly rises within him and when at last he leaves the city to wander fasting in the desert, there is blood, the blood of his own child, upon his hands.

It is an act of kindness that restores him to his former composure. El-Zaki receives him in his house; feeds, clothes, and rests him; and it is as he leaves the savant that the widowed but unconsoled Nazli-Hamen offers him marriage, a home, and wealth.

> Goha paused. His eyes filled with dreams. The feeling that had budded within him out there under the tamarisks of Gezira and which had blossomed at the warm touch of Nour-el-Ein, now fell upon the woman before him. Like three villages along a river bank, the figures of the goddess, of the daughter of Mélek (Nour-el-Ein) and of Nazli stood beside the course of his single and ever-growing love. . . . Nazli's voice was sweet as honey, her skin was white as the lily floating upon the water between two green leaves. As he listened, and looked at her, Goha felt that something was altered within him. He had a desire for calm. He had become a man.

Is it surprising that he accepted the good things offered him?

From a material point of view, the troubles of Goha have not, in my opinion, come to an end. I have grave misgivings, for instance, as to his ability to handle the business affairs which Nazli means to entrust to his care. But when dealing with a civilization in which facts themselves, or so it seems, are successfully poised upon the fumes of reverie, why not end with an optimistic absurdity? Adès and Josipovici, as their style and language show, have learned many things from the French; no one can deny their right to subtle irony. After all, the merit of their life of Goha le Simple lies primarily in its suggestion of human truth; and "qui de nous," if I may be allowed to twist a familiar saying of the tongue they know so well, "qui de nous n'a son grain de—Goha?"

A. G. H. SPIERS

The Run of the Shelves

THE Index of the *Review* for the issues from May 17 to December 27 will accompany the issue of January 3.

DR. PAGET TOYNBEE'S "Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole" (Oxford University Press) contains 258 letters (or parts of letters). Of these, 110 are now printed for the first time, twenty-three are now first printed in full, and 125 are reprinted from various sources, some of which have only recently become available." The object, apparently, is to place all the discoverable correspondence within the hands of anybody who owns both the Toynbee edition and the "Supplement." The new material is of interest, and the new editor has done his duty with a conscientiousness which, like conscience in so many aspects, is admirable and formidable. His notes are judicious, but he should not have interrupted and disfigured the text of the letters in Volume I by untimely and unlovely references to additions and corrections in the second volume.

Horace Walpole remains a sort of mystery, though a mystery in his comfortable, sociable disposition seems about as misplaced as a Gothic castle on Strawberry Hill. The reader says peevishly to Horace: "What right have you to puzzle me?" To which Walpole would doubtless answer: "None whatever, my dear Sir. I beg you to forgive the indiscretion." And the mystery would tantalizingly reassert itself in the inconclusiveness of that urbane reply. What is there to explain in an agreeable, harmless gentleman who gave himself to the collection of rarities in marble or bronze or black-letter and to the composition of letters in which rarities in fact or hearsay were similarly enshrined? The trouble may lie in the fact that Horace's mind was larger than its quarters, yet why larger or how much larger, it is very difficult to say. He curls himself up, if the expression may be risked, with the utmost complacence in his narrow room, and we are perversely vexed with him for not being uncomfortable.

Walpole himself modestly calls his collections "a baby-house full of playthings for my second childhood" (II, 40). He is equally humble about his "shallow literary mint" (*id.*). He is variously amiable. He had not only the art of obliging, but the art of being obliged, so often the subtlest form of obliging. His concern for Horace Mann's health is almost tender. When a poor man in Venice is beheaded for stealing a cup from a church, he can "not sleep for thinking of the unhappy creature" (I, 38). He calls a worthy man of mean birth "one of the plainest simple good men you ever saw" (II,33), a phrase which embellishes Horace more than his earldom. The latest letters are particularly engaging. As an exhibit of feeling they are perfect, but it occurs to the reader that, if they were less perfect as exhibit, they might be more satisfying as evidence. The innuendo is shabby, yet such innuendoes are the vengeance which the mind instinctively takes on a man whom lovable traits do not render lovable.

The venerable Henry Vignaud, the Columbus scholar and probably the *doyen* of the American diplomatic service, writes in a recent letter from his home near Paris:

> My physical infirmities are such that I cannot go out and so I live confined in my library, where I am engaged on a most important work for which I have been collecting notes and documents for many years. It is a Historical and Critical Catalogue of all the old maps, showing the gradual progress of the discovery of the world from the mention of Paradise, in the Bible, to 1600. It will be the work of my life, and as it is nearly finished I hope to put it through before I pass away, which may happen at any time, as I am now ninety! Though I am disabled physically, fortunately, I don't feel any depression intellectually, and I can work all day. Perhaps I may add that I was recently elected membre correspondant de l'Institut, a very distinguished honor, and that my last work, "Vespucius," was given a prize by the Institute.

In recognition of what he has done for the Allies, M. Joseph Iorga, professor of history at the University of Bucharest, Rumania, was recently made a commander of the French Legion of Honor. M. Iorga is also a member of the Rumanian Academy and of Parliament. During the war he brought out at Jassy a daily newspaper which vigorously opposed German interests, and two pamphlets—"Histoire des Relations Anglo-Roumaines" and "Relations des Roumaines avec les Alliés." Both the journal and the pamphlets were written in French, "which well illustrates," he wrote recently, "the important rôle which the French language and literature play outside of France. The new Balkan literature, like

that of modern Greece, which is a creation of the eighteenth century and exercises an influence not limited to the Greek people, owes much to the classical literature of France. The young Serbian literature, however, has been more influenced by German letters, while Bulgarian writers are little else than popularizers, and have come on the scene at a much more recent date. The French romantic movement gave an impulsion to the new school of Rumanian poetry, which, however, was from the very start subjected to influences of a native popular nature. About the year 1870 French influence weakened in our country, but only to start up again with renewed force recently in certain circles."

In Partibus Infidelium

MY friends wonder why I should choose to live in Japan—a trip is another matter. I wonder at those maps. Maps of South America, of course. Almost every New York business man on whom I call seems to have a map of South America below the glass top of his desk or hung kakemono-like behind his arm-chair.

The map attracts my attention because I want to talk to him about Asia. When I point out with the deference due from a literary man speaking to a business man on a business matter that, if it's customers he is after, there are twenty times more Asiatics than South Americans, that in fact there are nearly twice as many people under the flag of Japan as in South America, he will say in a final manner, "But the buying power, my boy, the buying power." "On the contrary," I reply, "last year, an exceptional year no doubt, the trade between America and Asia was worth something like $400,000,000 more than the trade with South America, and every working day of the year there are four and a half million dollars worth of goods crossing the Pacific between the United States and Asia." "Devote yourself to South America in reason, of course," I go on, "but, after all, Asia exists." The other day when I met an executive who had no map of South America I was so surprised that I asked what he meant by it. He said that his firm had been working in South America for thirty years and had done more business in Asia in ten. He might have added "and without any bother of translations into Spanish and Portuguese." English carries practically everywhere in Asia. I know, because when I started a periodical in Japan I imagined it to be necessary to run thirty pages of Japanese. I soon dropped them. The head of every firm in the Orient worth reaching or some of his assistants can read enough English to read an advertisement. English, as Japanese keep saying, is the second language of Japan. And what language can compete with English in China, let alone India, the Philippines, and Malaya?

But about my going to live in Japan and returning—at 54—to the journalism from which I had escaped. I can only ask whether it is not important both to the Orient and the Occident that there should be an attempt to perform for the East the duty which the great monthlies of America, England, and France perform for their peoples and those who are interested in them? The last great review which remains to be founded in the world is an Asiatic review, for in the largest and most populated continent there is the last great unoccupied field. The political, moral, and mercantile possibilities of Asia stir the imagination, excite the sympathy, and arouse the anxiety of a few students and of the statesmen who understand that nowhere in the world has the war had more far-reaching results than in Asia.

The historian of the future will say that there was not in our times any duty more pressing than the duty of bringing about a better interpretation of the East to the West, and of the West to the East. The barrier between East and West is the more grave because the physical barrier is breaking down so much more quickly than the mental. Within five years, air communication between Europe and Asia, America and Asia, Australia and Asia, and to and from the different parts of Asia will be a commonplace. But merely to land in other countries is not to understand them. Thousands of people visit Asia, but to their mentality little of the spirit of Asia penetrates. We know the cocksure talk on steamships and the bromidic authorship which has worse confounded the confusion of mind which exists about the East. And the knowledge of the West which the East has so laboriously, so pitifully obtained for itself is in a very large degree merely the knowledge which makes it possible to walk on ground so full of unsuspected holes as to threaten disaster all the time. The real barrier between the East and the West is a distrust of each other's morality and the delusion that the distrust is on one side only. How shall it be broken down?

"It is not by wounding prejudices," writes John Fiske, "that the cause of truth is most efficiently served. Men do not give up their false or inadequate beliefs by hearing them harshly criticised: they give them up only when they have been taught truths with which the false or inadequate beliefs are incompatible. The objects of the scientific, therefore, will be to extend the boundaries of knowledge." The boundaries of the knowledge of the West about the East and of the East about the West can be extended most practically by the publication in Asia of an authoritative, outspoken, incorruptible, readable, and comely review, which shall reflect to the East the best in the traditions, the ideals, and the practice of the West; and, by its abundant sympathy with and studious attitude of mind towards the Continent which rocked the cradle of the world and taught it all its faiths, shall unveil the thinking and the hopes of the Asiatic peoples and set forth their achievement and their circumstances, at once pathetic and heroical, depressing and stimulating.

"Nobody beginning," says Pepys in one of his immortal passages, "I did." Brought into journalism by that arch-preaching friar of the profession, W. T. Stead, I devoted myself ardently in my younger days to the popularizing of foreign and colonial politics. My first leader in a London daily was about Korea, my first book a plea for a better understanding of China. When Liberal Imperialism culminated in the disillusionment of the Boer war, the Quaker upbringing got uppermost and I fled from Fleet Street to Arcady and preached in the *Quarterly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Times*, in a serial article which ran through one of the monthlies for twelve years without a break, and in eight or nine books, that not oversea alone but in a healthy and prosperous countryside was the strength of the commonwealth. At the outbreak of the war I was in Japan trying to write (at a cost of ten times more than I should get for it) a book which should not only picture accurately the amazing peasant proprietary system of the Far East but get it into the mind of Anglo-Saxondom that in dealing politically with Japan, for example, we were dealing with a people who were, four out of five, on the land and only incidentally militarists and "curio" collectors.

But when in 1916 the Japanese exhibited a natural unacquaintance with the rights and wrongs of a war at the other end of the earth, the habits of my working life asserted themselves. I fell to war pamphleteering and published two books in Japanese. Eventually I produced a periodical. In the last issues of that temporary publication there were six pages of extracts from letters from every part of Asia—Nepal, the Shan States, and Java, for instance—regretting the stoppage of a monthly which had had some measure of success in making the problems and the life of the Far East interesting and vital. That and the confidence of Far Eastern notables that had been gained were pleasant enough, but offers of capital from five nationalities in order to found a review

for the whole of Asia, which should be written in Asia and in considerable measure by Asiatics, were much more arresting.

It is idle to pretend that, profound though his interest in Asia may be, life in Japan is not exile for the Western man, much more the Western woman. Existence in New York is a good thing. Fresh books and access to the press of the world, the kindly intercourse of the clubs, the invigoration one seems to get from being whizzed to thirtieth and fortieth stories and lunching with aeroplane views, the accessibility and informality of the master workers, the brisk, decisive way in which things are done, the feel of democracy which, however perverted in some of its phases, is real and refreshing; the friendship of free-women, the pictures, the music, and from time to time the drama, not to speak of days and nights passed on a rock surrounded by the ocean water and open to its breezes—these indeed "is goot gifts." Here—was the phrase Emerson's or Holmes'?—here one's top hums. Here, back once more from the Orient, one may say thankfully, "life is sweet, brother."

But "the signification of this gift of life, that we should leave a better world for our successors, is being understood, as Meredith said. One must do one's bit. And what is the use of spending a lifetime to learn a craft and then, as the old farmer said to me of his farming—he was seventy!—"leaving it just as one seems to have got the knack"?

The situation is grave in the Far East and not only in the Far East but throughout Asia. A little careful and patient labor in the work of mutual interpretation may help to avoid a great conflagration on which, if it be allowed to happen, another Lord Haldane may write, as the British ex-Lord Chancellor writes in that fine article in the *Atlantic*—I have merely substituted dots for "Germany" and "Germans" and inserted the word "Asia" for the word "world":

> There is room for reproach to us Anglo-Saxons . . . was quite intelligent enough to listen to reason and besides, she had the prospect of becoming the dominating industrial and commercial power in Asia by dint merely of peaceful penetration. It is possible that, if her relations with her Western neighbors had been more intimate, she might have been saved from a great blunder. Her hubris was in part, at all events, the result of ignorance. Neither did we know enough of the . . . nor did the . . . know enough about us. And they realized little how tremendously great moral issues could stir and unite democracies. We, on the other hand, knew almost nothing of their tradition, their literature or their philosophy. We were deficient in "the international mind." A sustained and strenuous search after fuller mutual knowledge was required.

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

Drama

John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A PLAY. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. First representation in America at the Cort Theatre, Dec. 15, 1919.

JOHN DRINKWATER, in his "Abraham Lincoln," has written a play of great ability, of a daring straightforwardness, and of a rare and moving sincerity, which all but raises it to the level of its theme. The form is chronicle-play, but a chronicle-play so altered from its Elizabethan type that it is character, not events, which supplies the motive and receives the stress. Fiction dealing with certified events—events brought to its door by history—is in the equivocal and harassing position of a man disciplining his neighbor's unruly children. In character the materials are more tractable, and in "Abraham Lincoln" John Drinkwater is after a character and nothing else. His art is sound, and its delicacy is evinced in the scope and daring of its relinquishments. Where events are not architecture but portraiture, there is no harm in their want of logical coherence. Wisdom is further shown in the centralization of interest in one figure. Lincoln is all-in-all; other persons are suitably distinguished, but also suitably diminished, in portrayal. Shakespeare's "Henry IV," a chronicle-play of mixed type, is momentous and memorable on the side of charaterization. But "Henry IV" as fabric is clumsy, because its great characters are not one, but several; and, speaking broadly, as one must when one speaks briefly, the only thing that can unify several characters is a plot. Mr. Drinkwater's is the sounder method.

I delight in plots myself, and their departure in a body from the stage would leave me inconsolable; but there is something that astonishes, that almost disconcerts, in the extent to which in this play problems are simplified, mistakes diminished, and difficulties avoided by the simple expedient of throwing plot overboard. A good play, with a plot on its hands, blunders almost inevitably; in this play there are practically no blunders. So naturally do difficulties and the mistakes which are their offspring arise from the imposition on the copy of life of a structure that is foreign to life itself. The critic finds himself inactive, finds himself superfluous, in the face of Mr. Drinkwater's equable and serene, though firm and vigorous, pursuit of the exposition of a character. The play would not succeed without Lincoln; it would not succeed without Drinkwater; but, given Lincoln and Drinkwater, it has the effect of writing itself. The main events, the announcement of Lincoln's nomination, a conference on Sumter, an afternoon tea, a conference on emancipation, a visit of Lincoln to Appomattox, his assassination in the theatre, are timed and spaced with an address in which history, obliging for once, has acted as collaborator and prompter.

The moderation of the portrayal is astonishing. To the strong superficial appeals in Lincoln's character the response of Mr. Drinkwater is tepid or wanting. We see little of the obvious contrasts between humor and melancholy, between statesmanship and rail-splitting, between the elastic policy and the granite will. Even the physique is not stressed. Mr. Drinkwater has the presumption to think that the supreme question about a man on whom a nation leaned in its hour of anguish is not whether his inches outran the normal measure or whether his figure would have satisfied Praxiteles. The author is peculiar in his indifference to peculiarity. Lincoln wears a greenish and crumpled hat in the excellent first act, and is permitted to say of the self-respecting Susan: "May the devil smudge that girl." This sounds auspicious, but Mr. Drinkwater's Abraham is so hopelessly, so brazenly, a gentleman that the author soon ceases to bother with the pretence that he is anything else. Lincoln is for Mr. Drinkwater primarily the man who reached greatness by referring all questions in entire simplicity to his own mind and conscience, and by referring his own answers, in equal simplicity, to the mind and conscience of his fellow-man. Jesus or Socrates could not have found a more obvious path to the extraordinary. Last of all, psychology is not conspicuous; Lincoln is seen mostly on official or social occasions which commonly trammel the psychologist by their dingy or dazzling opacity. His talk is characteristic, copious, and flawless in the modeling of its phrases. Its continuity in perfection is possibly a little overdone; nature rarely permits a chiseled style to be fluid.

So much for the book. The performance at the Cort was received with acclamations by the New York press, and in the region of the house where I sat the public did not measure its superlatives. This lays upon me two duties: First, to record that unanimity, as a protection to my readers; second, to express as trenchantly as I can the grounds for my dissent from that opinion. I thought it a performance without light, without understanding. Failure, of course, was difficult; the producer and the actors very nearly surmounted that difficulty. They did not quite surmount it; effects would creep in, leak in, as it were, in spite of the most scrupulous endeavors to keep the drama water-tight. The so-called "chronicler" was no bad speaker,

but in six fatiguing recitations he enforced and reënforced his superfluity. Mr. Frank McGlynn's Lincoln may be defined thus. There are three Lincolns. The historical Lincoln was a deep man with superficial pungencies—grotesqueries and whimsicalities. Mr. Drinkwater's Lincoln retained the depths, but discarded the pungencies. Mr. McGlynn's Lincoln removed the depths without restoring the pungencies. There is no more savor, no more *resin*, in his Lincoln than in Mr. Drinkwater's, and there is far less reality and force. His physique is his strong point, he is best when he trusts to its support. In his energy he is sophomorical; in quietness he is acceptable; in silence he is occasionally impressive. His memory is stored with the facile climaxes of the high-school declamation platform, and the freedom with which he scatters these juvenilities over Lincoln's talk is suicidal. He makes Lincoln emotional in a business conversation with a messenger; he makes Lincoln imperious to Hay. These two flagrancies are not two minutes apart. Lincoln sometimes mouths his words. When he said: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard," the performance, at any rate, reeled under the blow. If he made a point by his pose, he unmade it by his voice. At the close of episode four, the tired man, merely as tired man, was natural and affecting; but two minutes later he was pronouncing the "dreams are made of" passage in a tone that abolished at a stroke all the difference between Abraham Lincoln and—let us say, a Harvard professor or an English archdeacon. Let me say more explicitly what I have already hinted—that his Lincoln in repose had a dignity and serenity, an eminent decency, which was not without its value and attraction.

The rest of the performance, though good in bits, was unsifted, undisciplined. The same taste that made Lincoln tumid added swagger to Grant. It is hard to imagine anything better fitted to make a death at once gaudy and shabby than the final episode in Ford's Theatre.

O. W. FIRKINS

Teachers' Salaries in the Sixth Century

ONE of the advantages or disadvantages of a classical scholar is that he is forever reminding us that there is little or nothing new under the sun, and that situations in human society are constantly repeating themselves. How much benefit accrues from these reflections is very much a question. Certainly teachers and professors can not derive any too great satisfaction from the thought that they belong to a profession that from earliest times has not received adequate compensation; indeed, such a thought may be entirely disappointing, since blasphemers will say that if the world has for a thousand years or more been able to secure men and women who will teach at absurdly low salaries, it is probable that the world can get along in the future without worrying too much about the justice or even the expediency of proper compensation. Probably, in Ian Hay's phrase, the teacher's calling will be for many years to come "the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world."

It is also probable that there will always be men in public life who see clearly the irony of the situation and who make strenuous efforts to improve it. If after all the college drives and publicity there are anywhere in the United States men who are still reactionaries on this point, I would commend to them the words of King Athalaric to the Senate of the City of Rome written shortly before his death, which took place October 2, A. D. 534. He begins his letter in a manner familiar to all those who have had reason to address Boards of Education, school committees, or college trustees: "You who are called Fathers should be interested in all that concerns the education of your sons." He then goes on to say what might be repeated to-day in New York or Boston: "We hear by certain whisperings that the teachers of eloquence at Rome are not receiving their proper reward." And this is followed naturally enough by praise of what the school accomplishes. (The common school is the bulwark of American institutions.) "Other nations have arms, the lords of the Romans alone have eloquence." Accordingly, the king lays it down that the senate should support with its full authority and with generosity the teacher of rhetoric and grammar "if he be found suitable for his work and *obey the decrees of the Prefect of the city.*" (Were there Bolshevists lying loose about the Forum, discontented by reason of poor pay, one asks?) Apparently in those days not only were teachers poorly compensated but they had also sometimes to wait for their pay. And so the king with fine insight writes: "The Grammarian is a man to whom every hour unemployed is misery and it is a shame that such a man should have to await the caprice of a public functionary before he gets his pay." But the most interesting parallel follows: we are reminded of "train the mind and mind the train" when we read further: "If we provide generously salaries for the play-actors who minister only to the amusement of the public, and take pains to pay these who are not really necessary, how much more should we look after those who are the moulders of the style and character of our youth!"

Athalaric concludes with the argument, now so familiar, that teachers cannot do their work if they have to worry too much about their salaries: "therefore let them not have to try the philosophical problem of thinking about two things at once; but with their minds at ease about their subsistence, devote themselves with all their might to the teaching of liberal arts."

This whole letter of Athalaric, grandson of Theodoric the Great, from which these extracts are taken is well worth the study of those who are advocating more pay for teachers; and we are grateful to Cassiodorus for preserving it for us. For if the grandson of a Goth could write so intelligently, have we a right to pride ourselves too much on our distance from the dark night of Gothic ignorance, if the same problems still confront us and if we are no less stupid in their solution?

KENNETH C. M. SILLS

Books and the News

Russia

ALL hope of impartiality abandon, who enter upon this controverted subject. At least, all hope of recognizing which book is impartial, which is true, and which is special pleading. One set of critics will not grant writers upon the other side knowledge, sincerity, or even an ability to write English. Bad faith, the willingness to falsify original sources, are freely charged.

For a background, before entering upon the controversial books of the past two years, what book shall be read? Once, it was the custom to point to Sir Donald Wallace's "Russia" (Holt, 1905), but the modern reader will perhaps prefer the scholarly work of Charles R. Beazley and others, "Russia from the Varangians to the Bolsheviks" (Oxford, 1919). The work of a Russian writer is also indicated: Alexander Kornilov's "Modern Russian History from Catharine the Great to the Present" (2 vols. Knopf, 1916-17), of which the later chapters are by the translator. A book by the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk, is especially valuable, "The Spirit of Russia: Studies in History, Literature and Philosophy" (2 vols. Macmillan).

E. H. Wilcox's "Russia's Ruin" (Scribner, 1919) appears to be free enough from bias to be praised by critics of both camps, and Professor E. A. Ross, who will not believe the worst of Lenin, has written a useful book in "Russia in Upheaval" (Century, 1918).

"Russian Revolution Aspects" (Dutton, 1919), by R. E. C. Long, is a good recital of events. Kerensky's "Prelude to Bolshevism" (Dodd, 1919) is tough reading, but it contains important material. I have not seen Mrs. Harold Wil-

liams's "History of the Russian Revolution" (Macmillan), and believe I am correct in saying that it is not yet published. From what I learn of the writer, and her opportunities for observation, the book should be added to the list.

Arthur Ransome, in "Russia in 1919" (Huebsch, 1919), favors the Soviet government, and writes, as almost everyone agrees, in an attractive style. Of John Reed's "Ten Days that Shook the World" (Boni, 1919), it is enough to say that readers with a tender spot in their hearts for Bolshevism like it well; and that Charles Edward Russell thinks that Reed loves a revolution as a boy loves the Fourth of July, for its big bangs.

Admirers of Mr. Trotsky and Mr. Lenin disapprove profoundly of John Spargo's "Bolshevism" (Harper, 1919), and they reject with pitying contempt, as "superficial," Ackerman's "Trailing the Bolsheviki" (Scribner, 1919), Stebbing's "From Czar to Bolsheviki" (Lane, 1919), and "Bolshevik Aims and Ideals" (Macmillan, 1919), whose author is not disclosed. I think that they shake their heads over "The Russian Pendulum" (Macmillan, 1919), by Arthur Bullard.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

ART

Jean Aubry, G. French Music of Today. Translated by E. Evans. Dutton. $2.00 net.

Pennell, Joseph. Etchers and Etching. Macmillan. $15.00.

Sherman, Frederic F. American Painters of Yesterday and Today. Privately Printed.

Warren, H. L. The Foundations of Classic Architecture. Macmillan. $6.

Woodbury, C. H. Paintings and the Personal Equation. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Beveridge, A. J. The Life of John Marshall. Volumes III and IV. Houghton Mifflin.

Bradford, Gamaliel. Portraits of American Women. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Dano, W. L. A History of France. Houghton-Mifflin.

De Chambrun, Col., and Capt. De Marenches. The American Army in the European Conflict. Macmillan. $3.00.

Dickey, Marcus. The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50 net.

Duffy, F. P. Father Duffy's Story. Doran.

Grenfell, W. T. A Labrador Doctor. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

Hodges, H. W. A Survey of Modern History. London: Blackie & Son, Ltd.

Marvin, F. S. The Century of Hope: A Sketch of Western Progress, from 1815 to the Great War. Oxford University Press.

McArthur, Peter. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Dutton. $1.00 net.

Nevill, Ralph. The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Dutton. $7.00 net.

The Literary Digest. History of the World War. 10 volumes. Funk & Wagnalls.

Watterson, Henry. Marse Henry, An Autobiography. Volumes I and II. Doran.

EDUCATION

Alexander, Carter. School Statistics and Publicity. Silver, Burdett & Co.

International Pocket Library. 10 volumes. Four Seas Co. $2.50.

Moore, S., and Knott, T. A. The Elements of Old English. Ann Arbor: George Wahr.

Moore, Samuel. Historical Outlines of English Phonology and Middle English Grammar. Ann Arbor: George Wahr. $1.50.

Roget, P. M. Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. Revised by Andrew Boyle. 2 volumes. Everyman's Library. Dutton.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Macleod, Euphemia. Seances With Carlyle. Four Seas Co.

More, Paul Elmer. With the Wits. Shelburne Essays. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Supplement to The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Oxford. Edited by Paget Toynbee. 2 Vols. Oxford University Press.

FICTION

Bercovici, Konrad. Dust of New York. Boni & Liveright. $1.60 net.

Warner, W. H. The Bridge of Time. New York: Scott & Seltzer. $1.75 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Arent, Leonora. Electric Franchises in New York City. (Columbia University Studies.) Longmans, Green.

Baker, R. S. What Wilson Did At Paris. Doubleday, Page.

Bassett, N. R. When the Workmen Help You Manage. Century.

Bullard, Arthur. The Russian Pendulum. Macmillan. $2.00.

Burton, T. E. Modern Political Tendencies. Princeton University Press. $1.25.

De Bekker, L. J. The Plot Against Mexico. Knopf.

Ellwood, C. A. The Social Problem, Revised Edition. Macmillan. $1.75.

Foerster, R. F. The Italian Emigration of Our Times. Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.

Hansen, Harry. The Adventures of the Fourteen Points. Century.

Morse, A. D. Civilization and the World War. Ginn.

Ross, E. D. The Liberal Republican Movement. Holt.

See, Chong Su. The Foreign Trade of China. (Columbia University Studies.) Longmans, Green.

Smith, J. R. The World's Food Resources. Holt. $3.50.

Ravage, M. E. The Jew Pays. Knopf.

Woods, Arthur. The Policeman and the Public. Yale. $1.35.

JUVENILE

Bassett, S. W. The Story of Porcelain. Penn Publ. Co. $1 net.

Botsford, C. A. Fighting With the U. S. Army. Penn Publ. Co. $1.50.

Franchi, Anna. The Little Lead Soldier. Penn Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Ginther, M. P. Beth Anne Goes to School. Penn Publ. Co. $1.50 net.

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Porter, B. C. Trudy and Timothy Out-of-Doors. Penn Publ. Co.

Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. "Open Sesame!" Doran. $1.50 net.

Saunders, Marshall. Golden Dicky. Stokes. $1.50 net.

Sheppard, W. C. Don Hale With the Flying Squadron. Penn Publishing Co. 75 cents.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Freeman, L. R. To Kiel in the "Herc

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Hankey, Donald. The Cross. Dutton.

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Houghton Mifflin.

McPherson, W. L. The Strategy of

Great War. Putnam. $2.50.

Olrik, Axel. The Heroic Legends of D

mark. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Reade, W. The Martyrdom of M

Dutton. $2.50 net.

Smith, C. Alphonso. New Words, S

Defined. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.

POETRY AND DRAMA

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the Hippolytus of Euripides. Transl. b

H. D. London: The Egoist, Ltd.

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$1.35.

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Heidenstam, Verner von. The Soothsayer

Four Seas Company. $1.25 net.

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Book. Stokes.

Koopman, H. L. Hesperia: An American

Poem I-VI. Providence. The Preston &

Rounds Co.

Kostes, Palamas. Life Immovable. Trans

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University Press. $2.00 net.

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Prescott, F. C. Poetry and Dreams. Four

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Rudyard Kipling's Verse. Inclusive Edition

1885-1918. Doubleday, Page.

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(Harvard Theological Studies.) Oxford

University Press.

Davies, T. H. Spiritual Voices in Modern

Literature. Doran.

Gardner, Charles. William Blake, The

Man. Dutton. $4.00 net.

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the Light of Modern Inquiry. Dodd, Mead

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